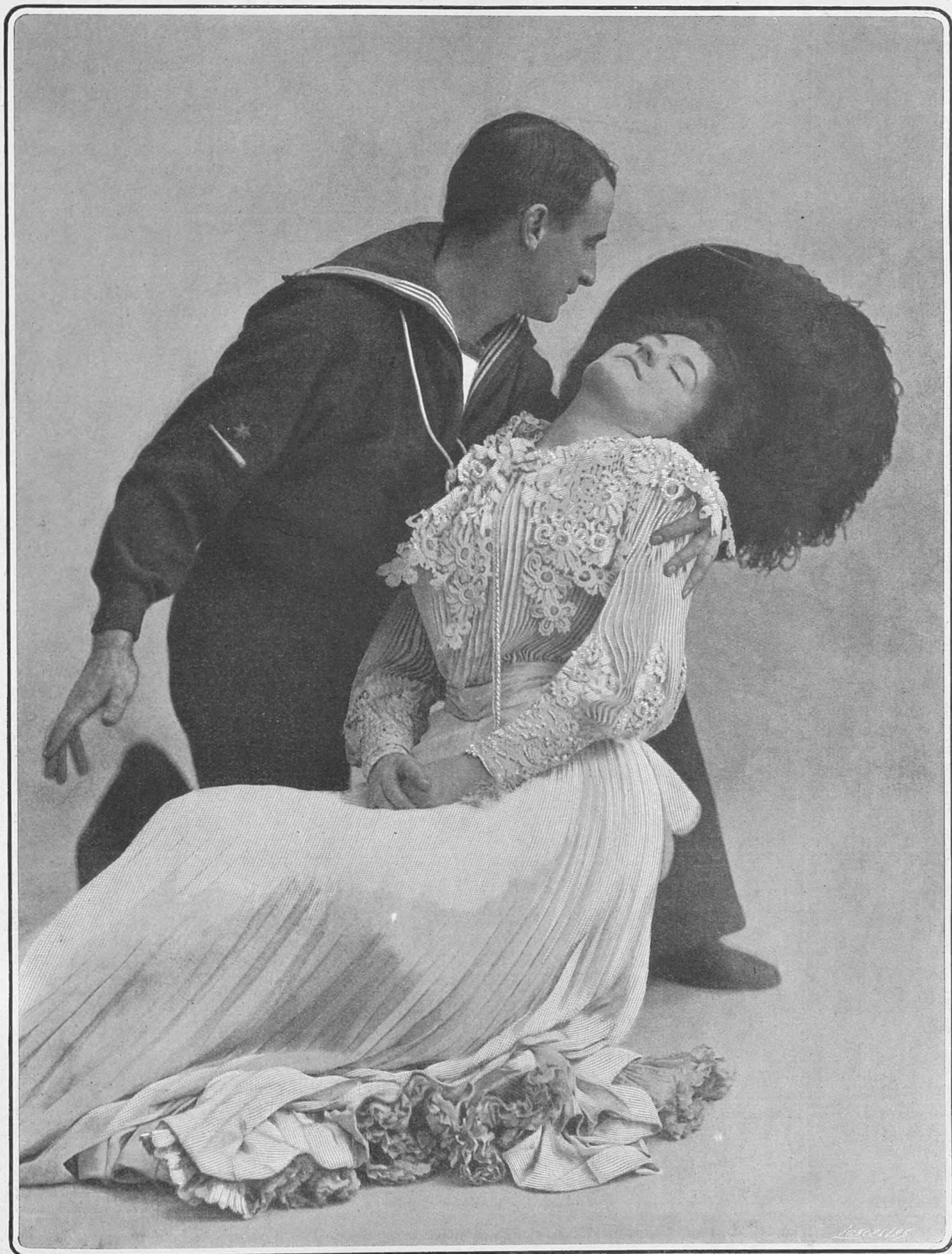




No. 524.—VOL. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1903.

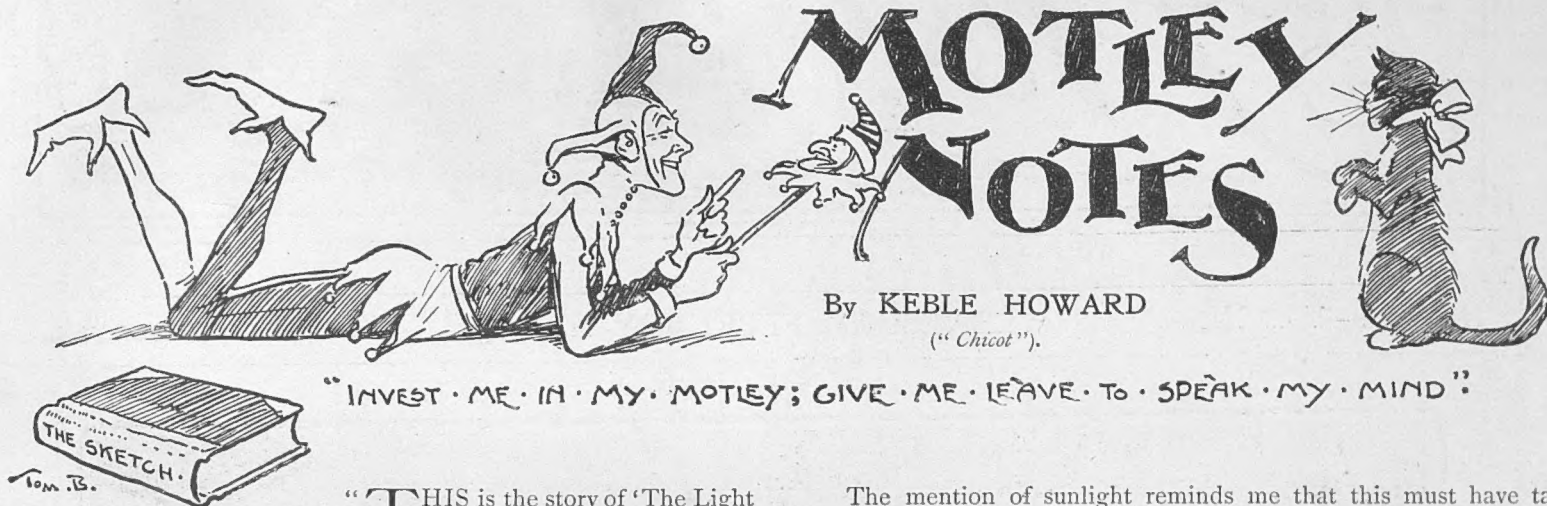
SIXPENCE.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING JACK.

MISS LOUIE POUNDS AND MR. HENRY LYTON IN "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON."

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W. (See Supplement.)



"THIS is the story of 'The Light that Failed' as it was originally conceived by the writer." So wrote Rudyard Kipling by way of preface to his novel when it appeared in book form. George Fleming, however, magnificently sweeping aside any obligations to Art, gives us the garbled version of the story as conceived by a firm of American publishers with two eyes upon their account-books. Yet the book, with all its concessions to probability, has been a great commercial success, and one would have thought that so artistic an Actor-Manager as Forbes-Robertson would have been bold enough to present a stage version of the story as originally conceived by the author. Setting aside the deplorable last Act, however, George Fleming has not done her work so badly. To be sure, there are lines here and there that could never have been written by the author of the book, but the greater part of the dialogue is pure Kipling, and no amount of simpering and posturing on the part of the performers can take the devil out of it. Not that the play, as a whole, was badly acted; on the contrary, Forbes-Robertson came very near to the Dick Helder of the book, whilst Sydney Valentine and Nina Boucicault were quite perfect. The disappointment of the evening came from Miss Gertrude Elliott, who not only followed Kipling in making Maisie a selfish, conceited little prig, but added a few touches of her own which showed the undesirable young woman to be something very like a minx.

Had Mr. Kipling taken the trouble to rehearse the piece himself, he might have saved the adapter from several foolish blunders. He might have told her, for example, that a girl of Maisie's limited means would not chatter away to her friend whilst a model at three-and-sixpence per half-day was sitting to her; that she would not dismiss that model in as curt a tone as one might employ in shaking off a troublesome street-beggar; that the model would certainly expect to be paid for the sitting before leaving. He might also have hinted to her that gentlemen of Bohemian tastes, when they are summoned to a bachelor party in a studio, do not trouble to attire themselves in immaculate evening-dress. He might have reminded her that a girl of Maisie's birth and breeding never could and never would stamp her foot pettishly and say, "So there!" But Mr. Kipling, it is evident, has not taken the trouble to rehearse the play, and so, as the song says, he has only himself to blame.

Whilst disporting myself a day or two ago in that nursery of accuracy known as *The Sketch* Composing-room, my attention was called to a pretty little comedy taking place in the lane below. Leaning against a wall in indolent attitudes, the sun on their faces and pipes between their teeth, were three sturdy fellows in corduroys. Through the windows of a public-house quite close to them could be espied a fourth gentleman, busily employed in persuading the patrons of the house to drop any odd coins for which they had no immediate use into a green-papered cigar-box with a hole in the lid. Yet a fifth member of the band was gently turning the handle of a barrel-organ, partly, no doubt, for the sake of the exercise, and partly to charm money out of the pockets of those hearers whose hearts were attuned to charity. Standing proudly upon the barrel-organ was a large placard bearing the following inscription: "UNEMPLOYED BRITISH NAVVIES UNION MEN." It was, as I say, a pretty little comedy, with the sunlight dancing to and fro between the windows of the public-house and the gentlemen supporting the wall. As I watched the scene, an industrious compositor paused for a moment in the midst of his labour and looked down into the lane. Then, with a sigh, he returned once again to his honest toil.

The mention of sunlight reminds me that this must have taken place on Thursday last, for Thursday, assuredly, was the first day of spring. On that glad day, I remember, I awoke to find my room all alight with the smiles of King Sol the omnipotent. As I drank my coffee, there came to me a confused babel of jingling cabs, merry motors, hooting steamers. Even the cabmen, damming for a moment their stream of mutual abuse, were telling each other that here was a fine day at last. On my way to the office, I was met with joyous smiles in every direction. All good Londoners had the spring in their veins, from toddling children and neat nurse-maids to the sad-faced policeman who stalks to and fro in the Embankment Gardens. Arrived at the office, my business seemed to transact itself in a surprisingly easy manner; problems that had seemed so difficult of solution when the town was wrapped in fog yielded up all their terrors before the genial advances of King Sol. At the Club, too, there was just the same feeling in the air: no man so morose but he could say "Good-morning"; no man so thankless but he was ready to admit that the day was a fine one. And so, till the shades of evening fell, London went merrily upon its way. On Friday, to the best of my recollection, it rained.

The good citizens of Northampton, it seems, are enthusiastic Shaksperians. One of their proudest possessions is a mulberry-tree said to be an off-shoot of a mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon. Now, of the modern exponents of the poet's works, the good citizens of Northampton place Sir Henry Irving first. On the occasion, therefore, of Sir Henry's latest visit to their town, they presented their histrionic idol with a portion of the mulberry-tree said to be an off-shoot of the tree planted by Shakspeare. It is to be hoped that Sir Henry, when using this walking-stick, will bear in mind its probable descent and treat it with proportionate respect. As to the original tree, I read that it was wantonly cut down in 1758 by a clergyman of the name of Gastrell. That clergyman must have been more reverend, if one may say so, than reverent. Indeed, Dante Rossetti, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, characterised him as a "deaf drudge to whom no length of ears sufficed to catch the music of the spheres." One imagines that, after reading so fearful a denunciation, the unfortunate parson shut himself up in his parsonage and died of reading his own sermons.

The most engrossing book that I have read for months is "Penal Servitude," by "W. B. N." Whatever the offence for which the writer was punished, there is no doubt that he has done much to atone for it by writing this excellent book. Of the many educated men who, from time to time, find their way into our gaols, there must be very few who possess powers of observation and criticism equal to those displayed by "W. B. N.," or who could bring themselves to record their impressions of prison life so judicially. Indeed, were it not for the fact that the author writes from the point of view of a prisoner, one might almost suppose that he had been specially selected by the Government for the task of examining closely into our prison system, with a view to a thorough reform. In one or two instances only does he allow the personal element to creep into his pages; and those chapters, naturally enough, are the weakest in the book. For the most part, however, he sets himself earnestly to point out defects and to suggest remedies for them. The reader, therefore, who is on the look-out for sensationalism will be bitterly disappointed; those interested in prison reform, however, will find "Penal Servitude" one of the most interesting as well as one of the most useful works upon the subject that have been issued for some considerable time.

A SCENE FROM "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



THE LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SIR HUGH EVANS (MR. COURTICE POUNDS) AND DR. CAIUS (MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR).

THE CLUBMAN.

Mr. Chamberlain's Trek—The Retirement of Maharajah Holkar—Military Discipline in France.

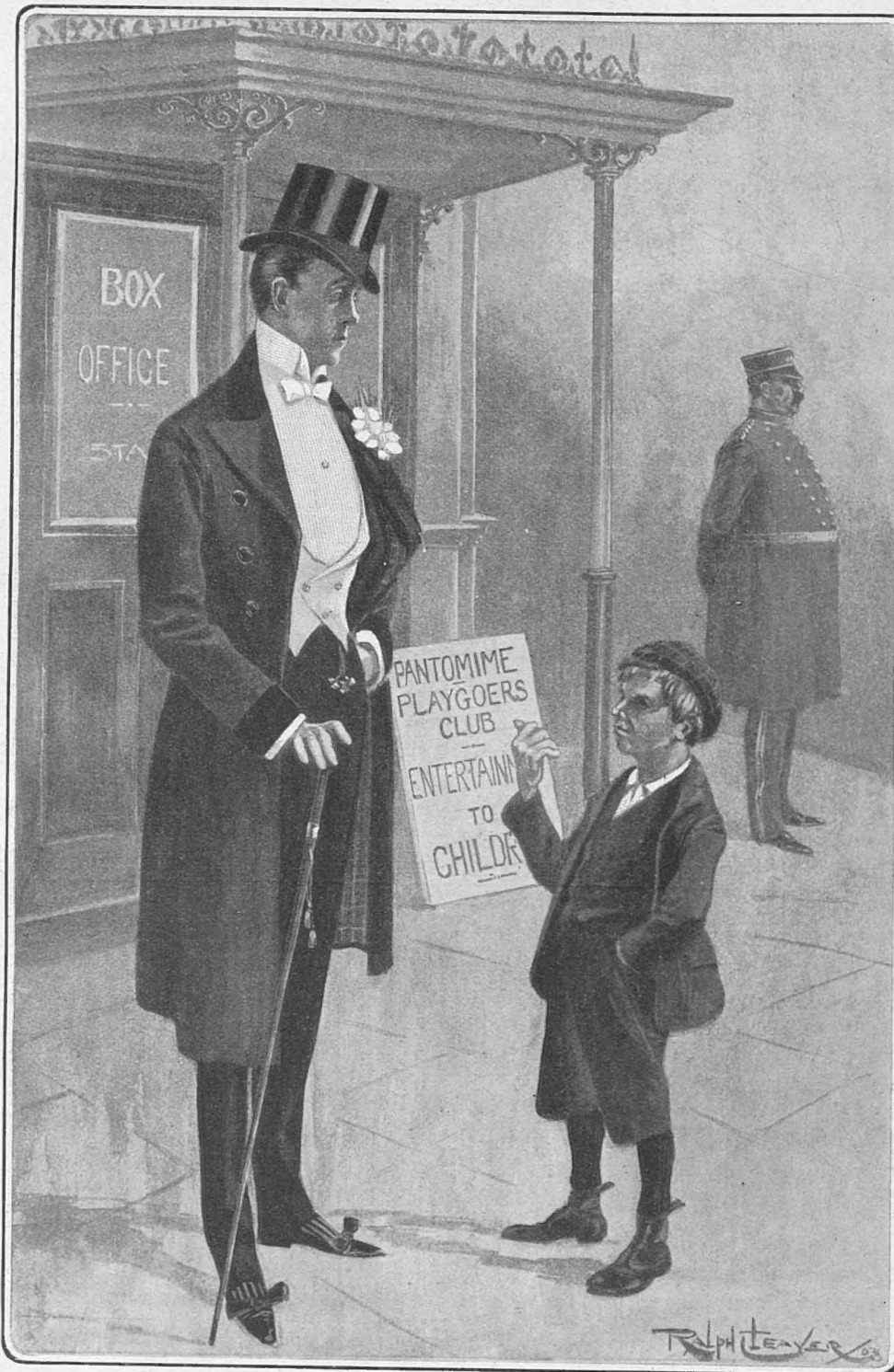
OF course, Mr. Chamberlain has men who know the Boers and their disposition at his elbow, and has taken their advice. Of all the popular things he has done in South Africa, the most popular from a Boer point of view will be the visits he has paid to every farm on the road during his recent trek to Bloemfontein. There was no Englishman in the days of our first annexation of the Transvaal so personally popular with the Boers as Sir Theophilus Shepstone was. He was the man who had annexed their country, but he was a man who talked their language and never missed an opportunity of chatting with them on equal terms, and their resentment passed him by, as a personal friend, and fastened on the indefinite Government behind him. I was for a time one of the officers of Sir Theophilus's escort, and so saw much of his methods of dealing with the Boers, and what he did is what Mr. Chamberlain has done. He would drive over the veldt in his light waggon, drawn by mules, which went at such a pace that it was a trial of our horses' endurance to keep up with it, and, whenever we came to a farm, the waggon would stop somewhere near it and Sir Theophilus would walk up to the door and go in, with the greeting of the country, "Good-morning, Uncle," to the father of the family; "Good-morning, Aunt," to the mother; and, being asked to sit, would draw up a "reimed" stool, drink his bowl of coffee, and chat about the affairs of the Colony. This earned him more popularity than all his official speeches. It meant to Mr. Chamberlain work very tiring, both physically and mentally, for a bumping over forty-eight miles of roads which are only tracks made by waggon-wheels does not predispose any man to exert either his mind or his body, and a conversation with a Boer means the answering of numberless questions on almost every subject under the sun.

The resignation of the Maharajah Holkar is the ironing-out of an Indian difficulty. The Maharajah inherited his father's character and was given to dark fits of sullen anger, the real cause of which was an hereditary taint of insanity. The Maharajah came to England in the year of the first Jubilee of Her late Majesty, and I fancy that the officials of the Court found that he was rather a difficult guest to have on their hands. I know that if they had heard or understood the few words in which he summed up the character of the various courtiers he was brought into contact with it would have made their ears tingle. When he arrived in this country, he was informed that he was the

guest of the Sovereign, and, not unnaturally, being an Eastern, thought that he was to be lodged in a Palace. When he found that his hotel bill was to be paid for him, he came to the same conclusion that Mr. Kipling arrived at when he wrote that "East is East and West is West." This, however, was a minor source of irritation to him; but what did stir him to dull anger was that the Queen of the Sandwich Islands should be given an escort of Household Troops, while he, the ruler of a territory of eight thousand and seventy-five square miles had to be content with Hussars of the Line. This would seem to be a small matter, but to an Indian Prince escorts and salutes are of supreme importance. I do not think that in the history of Indore there is any instance of an Holkar resigning the throne and going into leisured retirement, but in the records of other States many such withdrawals from the world are recorded. The Ministers of every native State are never averse to the presence of a minor on the *gadi*, the State being ruled by a Council of grey-beards.

Our Sandhurst boys may well take note of the action of General André in regard to the cadets of the Ecole Polytechnique. Sixty of the lads thought that they were being worked too severely and became insubordinate. General André did not stop their leave and confine them to the College grounds, but he has sent the whole sixty to serve as privates in the artillery corps of various French garrisons. The life of a man in the ranks of a French regiment, even if he be accorded the privileges given to young men of position going through their training, is a very hard one, and these young artillery officers of the future will learn by very uncomfortable experience what hard work really is. To the men of a battery of artillery who have misbehaved a much harder punishment has been accorded: the battery has been broken up and the men distributed amongst the garrisons of Algeria. This means the hardest work possible in a most trying climate, for the garrisons in which these artillerymen will find themselves are not the pleasant coast-towns, but the military encampments in the sandy interior, where all the bad bargains of the French Army work like galley-slaves

in what is little less than military imprisonment. I believe, however, that the "Companies of Discipline," which were groups of military malefactors, have been done away with. The case of General Tournier, the third matter in which General André has had to show a heavy hand, is a matter in which Club etiquette comes into prominence. A circular dealing with a political matter was found in the Military Club of Clermont-Ferrand, and led to a disagreement amongst the officers who are members. General Tournier did not censure the officer whom General André thought was an offender, and, being censured himself as a consequence, has resigned his command. General Tournier is well known to all Englishmen who moved in official circles in Paris, for when M. Félix Faure was President he was head of the Military Household and a very popular officer.



OVERHEARD AT KENNINGTON.

SMALL PLAYGOER (to the President of the Playgoers' Club): 'Ere, Max, wot's the matter wiv Ibsen?

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS ROMA IN "THE ETERNAL CITY" ON TOUR.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

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THE SOCIAL KALEIDOSCOPE: Persons and Events.	YOUNG MRS. CAUDLE: By GEO. R. SIMS.
A SUBJECT OF THE DAY: Are We Too Sentimental? By GEO. R. SIMS.	MEN AND WOMEN WHO WRITE.
TRUE STORIES OF ROYAL HOUSES: A Fallen Queen.	MUSICAL MEN AND WOMEN.
PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE PRIME MINISTER. By W. N. M.	MEN AND WOMEN OF THE STAGE.
TYPES OF MEN AND WOMEN: Nurses in London (Illustrated).	ONLY WOMEN.
ROYAL TOMBOYS.	RELIGIOUS MEN AND WOMEN.
UNDER THE CRUST: At the Prison Gate.	WICKED MEN AND WOMEN.
	LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.
	THE EDITOR AT HOME.
	&c., &c., &c.

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TO ARTISTS.

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 Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

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GENERAL NOTICES.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

Whenever possible, business should be conducted by post. The Editor cannot receive visitors except by appointment.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

OUR Sovereign's popularity is never more manifest than when His Majesty falls a prey to one of the ills to which even Royal flesh is heir. When other great folk are seized with influenza, the world at large accepts the news with easy philosophy, but the case is very different when it becomes known that the King is laid low. Of course, His Majesty's health is exceptionally good, as was that of his revered mother, and the fact that he so seldom

done, but sometimes important information gets out before it is suspected that the secret has become known. In Diplomacy, the Englishman, being honest, fights with one hand tied behind his back; but, for all that, he generally manages to hold his own, in spite of the shady tricks of his opponents.

has to put off any engagement on account of illness is the best testimony to his robustness, not only of body but of mind.

Some Future Royal Plans.

Subject, of course, to His Majesty's health, the King and Queen will open Parliament next Tuesday (17th), and it is expected that the scene will be an exceptionally pretty one, for the Peeresses are again to appear in their brilliant Coronation robes. Later in the same week their Majesties will take part in a purely family festival, the birthday of the Duchess of Fife. Before leaving for the Continent, the King is expected to hold two Levées, of which the first will be in a special sense a Diplomatic function. It is rumoured that both King Edward and Queen Alexandra intend to be among the other members of King Christian's large family party on April 8, for on that day the venerable Danish Sovereign will celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday.

"The Brother of the Sun."

The Shah, who arrogates to himself the proud title of "The Brother of the Sun," must certainly be very pleased to receive the Garter, greatest of British Orders. This Persian Potentate has always had a curious hold on British imagination. His predecessor paid a long visit to this country, and wonderful were the stories told of him. The present Shah, the new Garter Knight, is said to be a very enlightened Sovereign. During his recent visit to this country he received many leading statesmen, and it is said that he struck them one and all as a man of remarkable intellect and mental power. In some ways Teheran is more worthy of a visit than any other capital in the world. It is as yet untouched by our shoddy modern civilisation and Persian palaces are still dreams of loveliness.

Tampering with Despatches.

It is by no means so rare for despatches to be tampered with in the foreign post-offices as some people seem to think, judging from the comments made on the irregularities discovered lately at Constantinople. Some of the Great Powers always open the despatches which go through their offices if it is thought that there is anything in them which it would be well to know. Occasionally complaints are made when the case is a very flagrant one, but the answer is always an injured denial. All official despatches are sealed with the Arms of the country to which they belong, and the usual plan of the person whose duty it is to open the envelopes is to take a copy of the seal, and then, having provided himself with a forged seal and some sealing-wax of the right colour and quality, the rest is easy. Another plan, if there is no time to take a copy of the seal, is to run a sharp, hot knife under the wax on the envelope, and so gently raise the seal. After the despatches have been copied, the wax is again warmed and carefully stuck down. It is not too much to say that every British despatch of importance which passes through a foreign post-office, with one or two exceptions perhaps, is opened and read. And that is why everything of serious import has to be sent by a King's Messenger.

Stealing Telegraphic Ciphers.

There are two telegraphic ciphers usually employed by the Foreign Office, both made up of groups of figures, and one very simple, while the other is more complicated. Some of the European nations have no scruples whatever in trying at all times to get hold of the volumes in which these ciphers are coded. The moment it is discovered that one of the precious volumes has been lost or stolen, every Embassy, Legation, and Consulate is warned, and the cipher is at once cancelled. A new code is immediately drawn up, and is sent round by King's Messengers or trusty officials of the Embassies. Sometimes the loss is discovered and remedied before any harm is



THE SHAH OF PERSIA, WHO HAS JUST BEEN PRESENTED WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER BY KING EDWARD.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

*Sir Neville
Lyttelton.*

The appointment of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Neville G. Lyttelton to command the whole of the Forces in South Africa, from the Zambesi to the Cape, has been greeted with a chorus of approval. Sir Neville, the third son of the fourth Baron Lyttelton, was educated at Eton, and joined the "Green Jackets" in 1865, serving with his regiment in Canada, India, and at home, and rising to the command of his battalion, having in the meantime filled Staff posts in Ireland, Gibraltar, and India. He has a good deal of active service to his credit, including the Fenian Rebellion in Canada, the Jowaki Expedition, the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when for his distinguished services he was mentioned and promoted, and in the Nile Expedition of 1898 he commanded a brigade and was present at the capture of Khartoum, being again mentioned and promoted. After filling various important Staff positions at the War Office and Aldershot, he went to South Africa, and in the late War, as a Brigade and Divisional Commander, he did splendid work in such a quiet, unassuming way that it attracted less attention than it deserved. For this he obtained mention, the "K.C.B.," and promotion to Lieutenant-General. When Lord Kitchener left South Africa, Sir Neville was appointed to the command of the South African Army; but it seems that his status was somewhat uncertain, as there were three other "G.O.C.'s" more or less free to do as they pleased. Now, it is understood, Sir Neville will be in supreme command, with headquarters at Pretoria, and the General Officers at Cape Town, Bloemfontein, and in Natal will have to report to him.

*The Dublin Castle
Levé.*

Lord and Lady Dudley have become exceedingly popular in Dublin, and this is the more to their credit in that they succeeded the much-loved Earl and Countess Cadogan at the Castle. The Earl of Dudley's first Levée, on Tuesday of last week, was a particularly brilliant function. The general attendance was the largest since the first Levée of Earl Cadogan, and was fully representative of the military, official, and professional classes. In the precincts of the Castle large crowds had collected, and the proceedings were enlivened by the arrival of the military, horse and foot, with their bands. Major-General Sir H. McCalmont, who, in the absence of the Duke of Connaught, is acting Commander-in-Chief

of the Forces in Ireland, was attended by an escort of the 21st Lancers. The Sword of State was carried during the ceremony by Mr. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Sir Antony MacDonnell, Under-Secretary, was also present. Their Excellencies were attended by the principal Officers of State and by the various

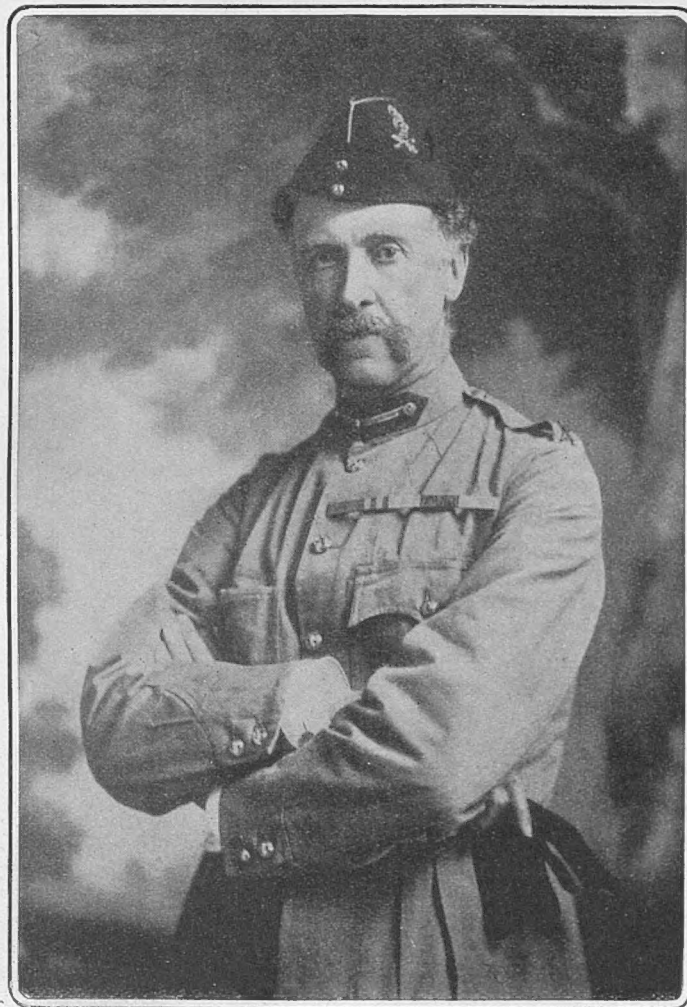
members of the Household and Staff, and the distinguished guests staying at the Castle also accompanied them. These included Prince Francis of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn and Lady Phyllis Hamilton; Catherine, Duchess of Westminster, and Lady Mary Grosvenor; the Earl and Countess of Essex, Earl and Countess Annesley, the Earl of Enniskillen, the Countess of Fingall, Viscount Crichton, and many others. At the conclusion of the ceremony a large number of visitors were entertained at lunch by the Earl and Countess.

*Mr. Gladstone's
Successor.*

The post of President of the National Liberal Club, vacant since Mr. Gladstone's death, has at last been filled. As the members are divided between the factions, it was impossible to choose either Lord Rosebery or Sir William Harcourt or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The Committee of the Club have therefore fallen back on their own Chairman, Earl Carrington, who is neither Imperialist nor anti-Imperialist, but a good, conciliatory Party man. Lord Carrington will not be a merely ornamental President. Ornamental he may be, but he is also active and energetic in the interests of the Club. He is very popular in the Party on account of his cheery temperament and his unassuming manners.

*Mr. George
Meredith's Cabinet.*

Politicians have been amused, as well as interested, by Mr. George Meredith's nominations for places in a future Liberal Cabinet. He criticises Lord Rosebery and ignores Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. John Morley is his favourite for the Leadership; he has a high opinion also of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane, and he thinks a Liberal Cabinet would be strengthened by the presence of Mr. John Burns. The catholicity of the novelist is shown by such a combination of the doctrinaire, the Imperialist, the philosophic Liberal, and the Socialist. Undoubtedly there are many Liberals besides men of letters who would be pleased if Mr. Morley were to become Leader; but if he himself has any such ambition,



GENERAL THE HON. SIR NEVILLE G. LYTTLTON,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Major O'Brien, D.S.O.
Viscount Cole.

Hon. Gerald Ward.
Captain Brinton, D.S.O.

Sir Bryan Leighton.

Major Dease. Lord Hyde. Hon. Cyril Ward.

Major Hezeltinge.
Hon. Gerald Cadogan.



Mr. H. Fetherstonhaugh. Lord Lurgan. Lord Plunket. Prince Francis of Teck. His Excellency. Mr. Lionel Earle. Sir Gerald Dease. Sir Arthur Vicars. Major Lambert.

LEVÉE AT DUBLIN CASTLE, FEB. 3, 1903: HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF DUDLEY AND HOUSEHOLD STAFF.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



MRS. CECIL POWNEY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

lated, for Mrs. Powney has never yet been associated with a failure. In yet another matter Mrs. Powney stands apart from many of her contemporaries: she has a perfect genius for dress and designs many of her most successful costumes. Major Powney, her distinguished husband, is one of those fortunate few who own houses in Piccadilly, and there his pretty wife quite recently did the honours at the wedding of her sister, one of the smartest of matrimonial functions.

A Youthful Beauty. Miss Florence Chaplin, the daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin, most popular of statesmen, is one of the interesting group of cousins which comprises Lady Cromartie, Lady Constance Mackenzie, and Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower. Her mother was the favourite sister of the present Duke of Sutherland, and as debutantes the two Miss Chaplins were almost entirely chaperoned by the beautiful and accomplished mistress of Stafford House. Few girls lead a more delightful and interesting life; Miss Chaplin is often included in Royal house-parties, and quite recently she accompanied her father to Sandringham. Like so many modern girls, she is interested in literature, politics, and art, while at the same time devoted to every form of outdoor life and sport. During the autumn of each year Miss Chaplin makes a long stay at Dunrobin, the Duke of Sutherland's sea-girt Castle in furthest North. She is very fond of Scotland, and is intimately acquainted with all the great traditions of her mother's family; indeed, many people consider

he must hasten to finish his *Life of Gladstone* and resume the everyday work of the politician.

"No thanks for nothing" is the substance of Mr. Willie Redmond's greeting to the Government on his liberation from Kilmainham before the completion of his period. Of course, he thinks he should not have been in prison at all, and members are looking forward—without dread—to his fiery attack on the gaolers on the Treasury Bench. In opening the prison doors to members, however, the Government have undoubtedly conciliated the Nationalists. Mr. Willie Redmond may be as vehement as ever, but his brother, the leader of the Party, is evidently putting his colleagues on their good behaviour, and Liberals are puzzled as to the reason.

Mrs. Cecil Powney belongs to the group of pretty Society women who, not content to be simply beautiful, take an active part in all kinds of social and philanthropic movements. She is a splendid organiser, and the bazaar or fête which counts her among its active patronesses is to be heartily congratulated.

that she bears a strong resemblance to the portraits of her great-grandmother, the famous "Duchess Countess" who was the intimate friend of Marie Antoinette and one of the most remarkable women of her time.

The Honours of War.

The Editor of the *Illustrated London News* has received an intimation from the War Office that the Commander-in-Chief, in accordance with the recommendation of the military authorities in South Africa, has approved of the grant of the South African Medal to Mr. Melton Prior, Mr. Frederic Villiers, and the other Artists and Correspondents who represented that paper during the Boer War. Mr. Prior's vivid sketches made during the long and trying siege of Ladysmith will be well remembered by all who followed the pictorial history of the War as among the most graphic ever published, and the same may be said of those by Mr. Villiers depicting the Modder River engagements and the subsequent operations of Lord Roberts and General French which led to the relief of Kimberley, the surrender of Cronjé, and the occupation of Bloemfontein.

A New Peeress.

The new Lady Rodney is an interesting addition to the group of those Peeresses who are ardently interested in philanthropy. As Miss Charlotte Probyn, she was one of the most zealous of "slummers," and that in a very real sense, for she founded a large Girls' Club, the members of which were employed in various branches of the dressmaking trade. Lady Rodney numbers among her sisters two Countesses, Lady Amherst and Lady Lisburne. Lord Rodney takes a great interest in his pretty bride's philanthropic work, and it is said that he is quite willing that she should continue it.

A Future Duke.

The birth of a son and heir to the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton is indeed an important and interesting event, the more so that the baby boy, whose arrival has caused universal rejoicings in Scotland, is the first Marquis of Douglas



MISS FLORENCE CHAPLIN, DAUGHTER OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., OF STAFFORD HOUSE.

Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.

born during three generations, for the late Duke had only one daughter, Lady Mary Hamilton. The Duke of Hamilton is one of the few wearers of the strawberry-leaves who carries out in every particular the old-fashioned ideal of a great British noble—that is to say, he is generally to be found living in one of his own country places. He has no liking for foreign travel, and his charming young Duchess shares his quiet tastes and has already made herself much beloved in the neighbourhood of Hamilton Palace.

*A Plucky
Vice-Queen.*

Lady Dudley, the young Vice-Queen of Ireland, is certainly possessed of uncommon pluck, for Her Excellency, in spite of the serious illness from which she has only just recovered, takes up once more her duties as mistress of Dublin Castle. Lady Dudley is considered one of the cleverest women in Society; once Miss Rachel Gurney, her marriage is said to have been quite a romance. She was the adopted daughter of the late Duke of Bedford and of Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and among the many well-known women in Society who possess exceptional musical gifts she takes a high place; she has a very lovely voice, which has been most carefully trained. Lord and Lady Dudley are the happy parents of a group of charming children, whose presence at Dublin Castle has undoubtedly added to the Viceroy's personal popularity, for the warm-hearted Irish people delight in seeing little people brightening the stern old stronghold of Viceregal authority.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AND BABY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lady Romilly. Few modern Peeresses, especially among those belonging to the younger generation, have had a more interesting and romantic life than Lady Romilly. As Miss Violet Grey-Egerton, she was one of the most deservedly popular girls in Society, and she was said to be one of the best conversationalists among the débutantes of her year. Her marriage to Lord Romilly took the world very much by surprise; but, like many romantic unions, it has turned out a great success, the more so that Lady Romilly shares many of her husband's tastes. She is the happy mother of a son and heir, who is now three years old.

*More New
Engagements.*

It would seem as if the year 1903 will be in a very special sense a wedding year, for new engagements are being announced almost daily. From a social point of view, the most interesting is that of Lady Noreen Hastings, the pretty sister of Lord Huntingdon, to Mr. William Bass, a member of the famous brewing family; in fact, Lady Noreen's future home will be close to Burton-on-Trent. The wedding will almost certainly take place soon after Easter, and will be a very smart function, for the bride-elect is the intimate friend of the Duchess of Newcastle, who has of late often acted as her chaperon. Of interest to clerical circles is the engagement of Dr. Fremantle, the Dean of Ripon, and Miss Sophie Stuart, who, like the new Lady Rodney, has done much work among factory-girls. Lady Sophia Palmer, the sister of Lord Selborne, is engaged to M. de Franqueville, a French gentleman of cosmopolitan tastes and interests.

*The King and the
Vatican.*

The King of Italy does not seem to trouble himself much about the vexed question of the Vatican, a subject which has always been a thorn in Italy's side ever since the country was united into one solid whole and liberated from the power of the Popes (writes my Rome Correspondent). The other day, His Majesty was conversing with an American gentleman on general topics, when the latter made some allusion to the attitude of the Pope towards the Kingdom of Italy. The King's answer to the indirect question was eminently characteristic of His Majesty. He said, "Well, it is just like this: the question used, I believe, to bother my grandfather and also my father tremendously; but, as for me, I really know nothing about it, and I do not trouble myself in the least about the matter." King Victor is said to be a most fervent admirer of the German Emperor, whose magnetic personality seems to have had as strong an influence upon him as it has upon most of those who know the Kaiser personally.

*Signor Prinetti's
Illness.*

Signor Prinetti, of whom mention was made in *The Sketch* only a short while ago in connection with the odd behaviour on the part of a hot-headed member of the Italian Army, has been suddenly stricken down by the combined effects of overwork and influenza. The Minister for Foreign Affairs has, indeed, had an exceptionally busy time of late. What with the Somaliland trouble and the disturbances in Venezuela, he has had



LADY ROMILLY AND BABY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

much to arrange, and has accomplished all with the greatest *éclat*. When he ought to have been having his meals he was always immersed in papers and reports, and when he should have stayed at home he forced himself, despite his illness, to attend at the Quirinal, in order to be present at the signing by the King of certain documents of State. The King noticed him looking very ill as he was standing by the table, and had hardly mentioned the fact to a Minister with whom he was talking when Signor Prinetti lurched forwards and would have fallen to the ground had not the King and his Ministers rushed up in time to save him. His Majesty King Victor was most assiduous in his kind attention to the sufferer, and tried to induce him to stay the rest of the day in bed at the Quirinal; but Signor Prinetti was well enough to be moved, and, therefore, was able to refuse the kindly offer of hospitality. His Majesty was evidently greatly touched by Signor Prinetti's devotion to duty, which had urged him to come to the Quirinal despite his weakness.

*The late Monsignor
di Neckere.*

A terribly sudden death overtook one of the Canons of St. Peter's this week, in the person of the revered ecclesiastic, Monsignor di Neckere. The Canon was about to leave his house, when his spectacles fell on to the steps of the staircase, and, in searching for them, he made a false step and fell down the flight of stairs. He was found with his head broken, and life became extinct a few hours afterwards. He was one of the best-known and best-beloved prelates of St. Peter's and had reached the advanced age of eighty.

The Riviera Thief. In addition to the large number of notable people now at Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo, there are certain companies against whom law-abiding, cash-possessing citizens may be warned. The number of pickpockets, "swell mobsmen," card and billiard sharpers, and others of the wrongfully industrious kind now on the Littoral would serve to keep half the prisons in



MISS NANCY PRICE, AS SISTER HOPE IN "A SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM,"
AT THE ROYALTY.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

Great Britain tenanted. The Riviera thief is ubiquitous. He or she is waiting at the Casino table to claim your stakes if you are young, innocent, and successful, to assail your pockets as you approach or leave the rooms, to lighten the load of your wealth in railway-train or on platform, to make your acquaintance at concert or theatre, either in form of fair and youthful female or as gentleman of the Old World or the New travelling for pleasure and plentifully endowed with the world's goods. To make a casual acquaintance, to join in a game of "bridge" or billiards with people not altogether known, is to risk serious mischance. Racecourse, *tir aux pigeons*, ball-room, golf-links, restaurant, there is no safety in any one of these places for man or woman who underrates the ubiquity of the Riviera thief. Many people do not like to publish their losses or confess how they have been duped, and this reluctance is of great advantage to the thieves, some of whom must have earned enough this season to enable them to turn honest.

Russian Enterprise. Russia is not nearly so backward in her administration as we in this country like to believe. Developments in the Near and Far East are of high interest to her, and she does not forget that there are more ways of fighting for markets than with cannon and torpedoes. Commerce is the great desideratum, and to develop commerce there must be plenty of commercial travellers well gifted with tongues. So a large and influential gathering of Russian merchants is opening a big school in St. Petersburg to teach men who propose to work as commercial travellers the Turkish, Persian, and Chinese languages. This very forward movement ought to be imitated in Great Britain—should, indeed, have originated there. For it is, obviously enough, of very little use for our Government to spend blood and treasure in securing "open doors" if none of our people can make any use of them. It is notorious that British houses do not employ travellers to a proper extent in the East, and that, in consequence, much trade is diverted from these shores. The earnestness of Russia in the pursuit of efficiency should stir our Chambers of Commerce to prompt consideration of this matter.

"Oom Paul." From Mentone I hear that ex-President Kruger has at last ventured outside the gates of his villa. This villa is an unpretentious little place enough, on the road to Garavan; but it has a fine garden, plainly visible from the upper road,

and there is a smaller house near it which is used by Mr. Kruger's "staff." The excursion was not a long one—only as far as the Rochers Rouges, across the bridge separating Italian territory from France. There are some wonderful caves there, and Sir Thomas Hanbury, of "La Mortola," has a prehistoric Museum close by. The ex-President, who was accompanied by several friends, visited the collections. To the best of my belief, this was his first excursion, but as early as the beginning of December some of the popular papers in Paris had pictures in colour representing him taking a walk in the public gardens of Mentone and affectionately greeted by the populace. In point of fact, the natives of Mentone are more concerned for their pockets than anything else, and were not pleased to see Mr. Kruger, fearing his presence there would keep British visitors away—a fear quite unfounded. One may feel sorry for the poor old man; the time for anger has quite passed. Mr. Kruger is a very simple liver and has a wonderful constitution, so he may survive his troubles by many years.

Sanitary Bakehouses.

Really we are becoming more careful in matters of diet than our fathers were. Witness the outcry against oysters, which has reduced the trade in shell-fish to grievous straits; witness the inspection of restaurant kitchens in the City of London and the reform of abuses found there. Now, the heads of the Home Office have called upon interested parties to show cause why the minimum allowance of space for workers in bakehouses shall not in future be five hundred cubic feet per worker, instead of two hundred and fifty. It is likely that no cause will be shown and that the new regulation will be imposed, to the lasting benefit of consumers. If, at the same time, the general public could be warned to eat wholemeal bread instead of the pure white variety from which most of the natural nourishment has been eliminated, the gain would be greater still. It is well to be thankful for small mercies, and to note that the days of the insanitary underground bakehouses, of which there are scores in the Metropolis, are numbered.

The Sheep- Washing.

Mr. J. T. Newman has contributed many interesting pictures to *The Sketch*, and his artistic photographs of rural scenes and picturesque country lanes and woods are always a delight to the eye. The accompanying picture of sheep swimming out of the wash-brook will remind many readers of a familiar incident which, though of interest to the onlooker, is scarcely one of unmixed pleasure to



SHEEP-WASHING: THE SHEEP SWIMMING OUT.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsled.

some of the participants. Sheep are not at all fond of the water, and, while it is absolutely necessary to wash them, in order to get rid of vermin and to cleanse and preserve the wool, it may be conjectured that, if their private opinion could be ascertained, it would be found that they considered the whole proceeding not only unnecessary, but even painful and absurd.

TOLSTOI'S "RESURRECTION" IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA:

THE THREE REPRESENTATIVES OF "THE MASLOVA."

IF Tolstoi, wearing the clothes much of which has been fashioned by his own hands, eating the food which he has literally got from the earth by the sweat of his brow, were to give a passing thought to the eternal verities of art on the evening of Feb. 17, as he sits in his room surrounded by his family, he would probably beat into words that verity formulated by Dick Heldar as he sat with Maisie on the bleak beach at Fort Keeling what time "the Marazion bell-buoy clanked and swung in the tideway," when he said, "Good work has nothing to do with—doesn't belong to—the person who does it. It's put into him or her from outside." That has been the maxim which has governed Tolstoi's life, for he has concerned himself with the truth as he sees and understands it, telling it fearlessly, freely, and with a strong hand. The Maisies of the world who hunger for success and all that success means to them, when it is coined in the mints of the world, may well open their eyes in wonder at the thought that the work of this man, wrought in distant Russia for no other reason than the truth within it, is presented at the same time on the stage in the three chief cities of the world, to go forth, after a few days, into who shall say how many other cities? On Feb. 17, New York, like London, will see the first performance of the adaptation of "Resurrection," which, by a curious coincidence, will on that night achieve its hundredth representation in Paris.

To Mdlle. Berthe Bady belongs the right of which actors are so jealous, that of the "creation" of Maslova, the heroine, though Miss Lena Ashwell, who plays the part at His Majesty's Theatre, and Miss Blanche Walsh, who is to act it at the Victoria Theatre, New York, may also be held to have the distinction of creating the character in its English and American dress which has been

fashioned by Mr. Michael Morton. Mdlle. Bady's personality, like her art, is well known not only to European playgoers in general, but to the readers of *The Sketch* in particular, and all good lovers of the drama are acquainted with the success which she has made at the Odéon Theatre in a part that offers many opportunities for the display of an actress's ability. The same is true of Miss Lena Ashwell, who

is relinquishing the modern, somewhat morbid and neurotic, but exceedingly interesting type of characters in which she has made so great a success for the poetical drama, using His Majesty's as a sort of halting-place, as it were, in her course backward through the centuries, for she has just left off playing Emilia in "Othello" with Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and when Sir Henry Irving produces "Dante" at Drury Lane at Easter she will play the leading part.

Miss Blanche Walsh, who is to act the part in New York, is by no

means unknown in English theatrical circles, in which our American cousins are always sure of a warm welcome, though she has not, like so many American actresses, played here as yet. She is the daughter of a well-known man in New York, and, determining to go on the stage, she acted with many Companies, but always with increasing success, until she achieved parts of such importance as the Countess Olivia in "Twelfth Night," and Queen Elizabeth in an adaptation of "Amy Robsart," a play in which, at one time, Drury Lane and Adelphi audiences used to revel. During the last few months she has been playing in "Salambo" "on the road," as the Americans call that touring life which constitutes more than ninety per cent. of the theatrical life of the New World. In spite of her success, however, she gave up the part, so attractive did she find that of the leading woman in "Resurrection."



MDLLE. BERTHE BADY (ODÉON THEATRE, PARIS).



MISS LENA ASHWELL (HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON).

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MISS BLANCHE WALSH (VICTORIA THEATRE, NEW YORK).

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Nervousness of Sarah. Sarah Bernhardt looks forward with a shudder to the production of "Andromache" (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). She experiences in her studies of the character of Hermione and in wakeful moments all the nervousness of first-nights. She admits that on entering on the scene her jaws contract and her teeth chatter. It requires a great physical struggle on her part to open her mouth, and then she is fearful that her words will be uttered without breath or tone. Over the character of Hermione she admits that she will face the critics under the most trying circumstances. Her intention is avowedly to give a Hermione entirely different from all her predecessors and to portray her in a very sympathetic light. Speaking of nervousness on first-nights or when Royalty is in the house, the most monumental sufferer is Jean de Reszke. He positively staggers from his loge, and keeps a flask of the salts of ammonia to his nostrils. He shudders with his shoulders, and when the time comes he makes a desperate effort and walks with apparent *sans gêne*.

I have just met one of the representatives of the great Creusot cannon works. He has given me a little *primeur*. Those who visited the Exposition Universelle three years ago will remember the gigantic railway-engine exhibited just under the barrels of the "Long Toms." That engine is to be shipped to England with a view to a race between London and Birmingham against the fastest machine on the London and North-Western Railway. The day selected will be a Sunday, when the lines are clear. The Creusot people claim that they can get up a speed of a hundred and sixty kilometres, which is terrific, and that, whereas the racing train can only transport four hundred tons behind, their monster at full speed will move four thousand tons. A gem for the cinematograph, that race!

If the French authorities decide, as they intend at the moment, to expel the Princesse de Saxe from Menton, her world will substantially decrease. Take away France and Switzerland, and mosquito-swept Italy and the droning life of Spain are poor recompenses.

The Army Trouble. There can be no doubt that the French Army is in a state of smouldering revolution. This state of things is fomented in a way that would make a Briton sit down and have a long think. Imagine three daily papers whose only propaganda is to teach revolt in the barracks, and this aided and abetted by pamphlets and broadsheets freely distributed by the thousand in which life in the Army is portrayed as a positive *enfer*! The troubles at Poitiers and Clermont-Ferrand were hushed up and vaguely explained away, but nothing could hide the gravity of the revolt at the Polytechnique. Here, sixty students, sons of the best families in France, point-blank refused to obey the instructions of their masters, and were accordingly drafted off as common soldiers to serve with the flag. As one who looks on can gather, the whole thing arises out of the repression of the Catholics by the present Government. Outside Paris, ninety-nine per cent. of the population are devoutly attached to the Church, and the expulsion of nuns at the point of the bayonet has roused their anger to a very dangerous pitch.

The Fragrant Tea. To read the French papers, England is "going, going, gone" under the influence of tea-drinking. I do not care whether it is so or whether it is not; but it is a change and a pleasant relief from the gin-bottle which you stuffed into your pocket with a big Bible and swigged at till the centre of gravity was a vague term.

The Football Débâcle.

The defeat of the Canadian team by the Racing Club de France is deplorable from an English point of view. In succession, three British teams have been soundly thrashed by the French, whose form has improved in a baffling fashion during the past three years. I have seen the game from its very start, in those days when the Customs authorities seized the goal-posts sent from England, under the impression they were for gambling purposes, and it is incredible if one contrasts the

days when there was a handful of spectators with the scene to-day, when the most fashionable in Paris struggle in thousands for tickets at three and five francs. In the old days, the English visitors piled up points by the dozen in the first half, and then gave a good-natured rest. Now, the game is forced into their quarters in a twinkling of the eye and every inch of the ground is fiercely disputed by the French, who have the quickest men on their feet that I have ever seen. It will be a pity if the Rugby Union does not use some discretionary veto on the teams sent over, for the representatives, so far, simply court disaster to the English national winter game.

Is the little toy-balloon that a child carries on the end of a string a "cumbersome" article and, as such, to be refused by the Paris Metropolitan Railway? The case, which is to be carried to the Appeal Courts, arose in this way: A gentleman had made some purchases at the Magasins du Louvre, and his little daughter was presented with the customary toy-balloon; but the

railway authorities refused to allow it to pass the turnstile, and the father sued for twopence as damages. The Metropolitan Railway went further than simply to insist upon its being cumbersome, and argued that the heated air was likely to cause it to explode, as had occurred on the Western line, when a gentleman was severely burnt. The Court supported the Company, but that little balloon will be a rich picking for the lawyers before the last is heard of it.

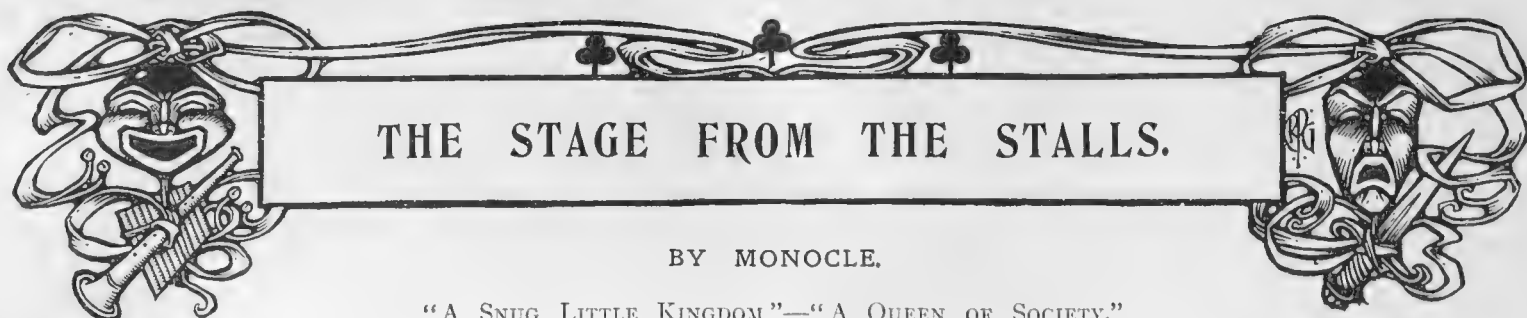
Spanish Correspondents.

I have been very interested and amused by the information relating to the crisis in Morocco telegraphed to the London Press. It all comes *viâ* Tangier, where Reuter and the Central News have very reliable and discreet agents, the *Times* has an able Correspondent, and the rest of the Press Correspondents may be disregarded. But it does not all go from Tangier to London. Many of the Spanish papers sent Correspondents from Madrid when the trouble with "Bu Hamara" began, and these gentlemen are quite wasted on Spain; they ought to be in America, where the intimate relation between journalism and fiction is better understood. Several times in each week these valiant men defeat the Sultan and the Pretender.



"MONSIEUR."

Drawn by Louis Wain.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"A SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM"—"A QUEEN OF SOCIETY."

MR. MARK AMBIENT'S play at the Royalty shows strongly how our dramatists persist in going to the stage for their characters and their ideas of life, and how well the players back them up in this policy. I read in one of the papers this description of Dolly's dress in the last Act: "A smart evening-dress of white satin . . . a petticoat of very full quilted chiffon, and every scallop is adorned with a pretty pearl ornament. . . . The bodice has a deep berthe of lace richly pailletted with gold, and a wreath of Parma violets, white and blue, is trailed round the décolletage. . . . The dress is completed by a pretty chiffon sash, of which the ends are decorated with small bunches of violets." Of course, I do not pretend to understand all this exactly, and the "blue" violets rather stagger me; but I fancy that the description is exact, and may add that the dress looked, and probably was, quite new, and the actress's hair seemed fresh from the irons of the coiffeur. Now, Dolly is supposed to be a virtuous chorus-girl out of work and living in Soho—one feels disposed to say "So-ho!" To be fair, I understand that Dolly is said to have borrowed the dress from a friend in Holland Park; but I'm afraid you can hardly believe in that friend and will think that the chorus-girl had better have worn a Holland dress than the one from Holland Park. Dolly's smart satin dress brings to my mind the candid simplicity and even dowdiness of Fräulein Grete Lorma in her admirable performance as heroine of "Alt-Heidelberg": she tried to wear the dress the girl would have worn and as she would have worn it, and this little fact was of service to the piece.

However, no change of costume could have converted the tale of Kershaw, the sauce-concocter, into a comedy, though that is the programme description of it. Somehow, this reference to sauce suggests several ideas to me about our entertainments. Our writers seem willing to keep on serving up old dishes with new sauces, instead of trying to invent novel *plats*, and one may push the figure a little further and say that the ingredients always appear to have been tinned. Particular kinds of sauce become the rage: at present, the musical-comedy sauce is in vogue. Take a sort of story about stale stage puppets, which would not pass as a farce, spice it severely, serve hot and strong with musical-comedy sauce, and you may make barrels-full of money, though your music be second-rate, your acting and singing third-rate, and your book hardly rateable at all. Of course, you must dress it gorgeously, even if the costumes are as unsuitable as Dolly's "berthe of lace, richly pailletted with gold," to say nothing of the "blue" violets.

The pity is that no one seems to care. The incongruities pass peacefully. The audiences are not alert. They do not giggle when the dying mother, in a letter, says that she is lying on Dolly's night-gown to keep it warm, and begs the girl to come into bed without awakening her, because she is very tired, for they do not see the absurdity of the suggestion that the girl is to drag the night-gown from under the sleeping woman without awakening her. If such things excite no murmur, why should dramatists take pains to avoid absurdities? Why should they not continue to manœuvre the old characters and use, as in the present case, the sauce sentimental. Apparently, "A Snug Little Kingdom" will have a big success; certainly the audience liked it, and the author had an amiable call, though Mr. Charles Warner received far more applause, and deserved it. For we had a very able piece of acting from him, and even the fact that the "Yorkshire relish" in his North Country dialect dried up at times could not prevent one from admiring the force and skill of his acting as the sauce-concocter. In this play he kept down the exuberance that has often marred his work, and his habitual restlessness fitted the part. We have rarely such an admirable display of the actor's art as in his delivery of the very long account of Kershaw's catastrophe in marriage, in which his little touches of humour served to heighten the pathos of the well-written speech. For, if unable to speak enthusiastically of the play as a whole, one can at least praise the writing of this scene. It is regrettable that Mr. Ambient, able to write so well, does not attempt something more valuable than his tale of a long-lost daughter, with trimmings in the shape of the lodging-house landlady and "slavey," the designing hospital-nurse, the caricatured young doctor, and the starving composer, who seems to come from the Family Novelette. That his work pleased the house and that it is free from anything objectionable can hardly seem sufficient to satisfy his ambition. An excellent piece of acting was given by Mr. Lyn Harding in the character of the starving composer—a part really the more difficult because he has a long listening scene, in which he contrived to be interesting. Mrs. Charles Calvert was amusing in a character not really good enough for her, and there was some ingenuity in the performance of Mr. H. B. Warner.

The name "Cosmo Hamilton" to the short piece, "The Honour of a Rogue," made one hope for witty dialogue, yet there was no trace of the Hamilton of "The World" or of "The Wisdom of Folly," but, in place, a rather nonsensical, bombastic piece at which the author's sense of humour must have rebelled. The phrase "Honour among thieves" is supposed by writers of romance to apply quintessentially to highwaymen, to whom, in fact and in ignorance, are applied ideas and traditions of outlaws in an earlier state of society, when a man might be forced to take to the woods without loss of honour or even reputation. Consequently, one is expected to believe in a gentleman-of-the-road's sacrifice of his life to a point of honour; but I think we needed more plausible premises than were offered to us. The language was more neatly turned than in most one-Act plays, which, alas, is not necessarily a very flattering statement. One would rather like a highwayman piece written a little closer to life. There must be plenty of dramatic matter in the adventures of the rogues that does not present them in the falsely sentimental aspect, even though, as a concession, the dramatist should give a turn of character exhibiting some trace of native dignity. The acting was fairly spirited, and Miss Nancy Price, as a very sentimental if rather unwomanly Sheriff's daughter, acted with a fair amount of power, though somewhat jerkily. There seems no need for her to fall "ker-blunk" at the end of the piece, and one may hint that there is too much appearance of preparation for the fall: she is wise to minimise peril to her remarkable beauty, but would be wiser to run no risk at all.

There is a line in the new Adelphi play uttered by the comic-relief character, "The only subjects that the British public now take seriously are 'Bridge' and the 'black list,'" which not only is a good specimen of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's wit but also suggestive of the play. For in "A Queen of Society" Mr. Raleigh appears to have made an effort to appeal to two publics—the one thrilled concerning the new liquor law, and the one at present ravaged by the dying disease called "Bridge." So far as the "Bridge" public is concerned, I hardly think the play will draw. The pictures of "Society" are not quite wild enough to be caricatures, yet sufficiently unconvincing only to appeal to the "cheaper parts of the house." Like the revelries in the "Café of the Green Rat" or the study of the so-called grisette—grisettes are as dead as the dodo—they resemble the camel in the story and appear to have been drawn from the inner consciousness.

However, the true patrons of the house will accept the pictures of Society and of the French life just as they will swallow the wonderful decoctions said to be similar to French coffee, which, to speak generally, they do not resemble in flavour but only in mere nastiness; and, so far as they are concerned, "A Queen of Society" is quite the right thing in the right place. There must, of course, be some trimming, and the author will be wise to explain more fully the crime which causes the chief rascals to bolt from Paris, fearing the guillotine; a casual listener might think that their only serious crime is the theft of the cash-box, and hardly catch the allusion to loaded dice and a loaded stick which indicates that they have murdered someone whose name does not appear on the programme. Certainly it will not be at all regrettable if there is a new reign of melodrama at the Adelphi, with Mr. Raleigh as the purveyor to this theatre as well as Drury Lane. It may not be a lofty kind of drama, but we can spare at least one out of the many houses built and being built for the form of play which contains the germs of true drama, and sometimes is developed into matter of real if not first-class drama, such as "Secret Service." Mr. Raleigh seems to be the very man for the task. The present play, when the author gets away from the atmosphere of Grosvenor Square and is really handling his story, is vigorous and effective, and contains a very successful stage-trick played at a critical moment by the comic-relief man on the villain and on hero and heroine. The last scene was received with real enthusiasm, though I think it was a pity that the secondary villain, very ably acted by Mr. Sidney Howard, was not present to complete the picture.

"A Queen of Society" acts well. Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, as Jeanne le Bas, the heroine, seemed a little weak in the lighter scenes, but when the stress came she roused herself and gave a vigorous piece of melodramatic acting, and Mr. Frank Cooper played the trying part of her husband, the rather heavy hero, in excellent style. The cleverest performance, I think, was that of Mr. Edward O'Neill as chief villain, in which he acted with great intensity and gave a very clever suggestion of cowardice and brutality. The house seemed delighted by the performance of Miss Featherston in a fearful make-up, and also by the vigorous comic acting of Mr. John Tresahar, whilst Miss Flossie Wilkinson—why the short skirts?—and Mr. H. Pollock were heartily applauded.



[Photograph by Ellis and Walery.]

"PENAL SERVITUDE."

A VISIT TO DARTMOOR AFTER READING THE BOOK BY "W. B. N."

THE interesting book by "W. B. N." (published by Mr. Heinemann), describing the life of a convict in His Majesty's Prison at Parkhurst and elsewhere, has attracted so much attention that the following brief article may be acceptable to those who have not had the opportunity or leisure to read "Penal Servitude." Since the book was published (writes a *Sketch* representative), I have spent two



OFFICERS' MESS QUARTERS AND GENERAL OFFICES.

days in and about Dartmoor Prison, and have thus had an excellent opportunity of seeing something of its inner life and of the work in the quarries. Many of my impressions were necessarily the result of inference, and I am quite sure that I have no desire to test their accuracy by means of personal experience.

Dartmoor, in the summer, is a most desirable place (I am now, of course, talking of the locality, not the prison); in the winter, it is eminently undesirable. Shortly prior to my visit, the place was almost buried in snow; during my stay, the weather was bright and comparatively warm. Convicts were working in the open roadway, on the farm and the moorland. Most of them were as brown as a berry and looked as sturdy as oaks; in fact, they appeared to be benefitting materially by their treatment. I confess I was much surprised to observe so many smiling faces and so much real interest being taken in the various forms of labour. It is, indeed, a deplorable fact that many of the prisoners fare better in than out of prison. This is clearly indicated by the lettering on their arms, some of them having quite a string of letters, each one denoting a sentence. I had it from one of the principal warders that some of their "old lodgers" return to prison in a spirit of friendly recognition. One man I saw working on the farm looked as happy as the proverbial sand-boy. He was an expert farmer, a favourite with the officers, and was serving his second or third term.

Speaking generally, the inmates of Dartmoor Prison may be divided into irreconcilables, philosophers, and weaklings. The life presses hardest upon the last-named; the first-named have determined to do everything under protest, giving as much trouble as possible, and the others have decided to make the best of a bad business. The malcontents are found chiefly among the heavy-labour gangs, in the stonemasons' yard and the quarries. The latter are situated on an eminence and present a savage scene; here I saw prisoners—sullen, hangdog-looking fellows—almost openly defying the officers' orders. The work of guarding such men as these is a task not unattended with peril.

At the top of the quarries, the Civil Guard, with fixed bayonets, march up and down, signalling occasionally—by throwing out the arm at right angles to the body—to other officers. There is also a circular watch-tower, from which a warder is constantly sweeping the surrounding country with a telescope; his eye is rarely away from the latter, through which he keenly watches the movements of the various gangs working on the moor, some of them as far as two miles off. He also commands another watch-tower inside the prison wall. They have a secret code of signals, worked with semaphores fixed to a pole which rises out of the centre of the tower, by means of which the watcher at the quarries is able to immediately communicate to the watcher in the prison intelligence of anything happening outside.

There was a doctor's gang in the quarries—men who had been ordered sedentary occupation. They were all seated, chipping stones, and wore wire eye-guards to protect their eyes from the flying pieces of stone.

The prison itself has a particularly dreary aspect, the only relief from the almost universal dull grey being the patch of turf by the side of the hospital. This was specially designed for the eyes of invalid prisoners. They have accommodation for over a thousand prisoners,

and the staff of officers numbers 178. These consist of labour warders, assistant warders, principal warders, chief warder, and Civil Guard. The last-named guard the outer wall of the prison, and also accompany the labour gangs on to the moor and the quarries. The warders attached to the outside gangs are armed with loaded carbines and those inside the prison carry truncheons. Every day the chief warder goes all round and receives reports from the various officers, the warder stepping forward and giving the number of his gang and the number *in* it, if he happens to be near enough. If not, he gives the signal "All correct," by holding out an arm as I have already indicated.

Many trades are taught in the prison, also reading and writing up to the age of forty, in the case of those who need it—not an inconsiderable number. There is a constant coming and going of prisoners, a continuous process of speeding the departing and receiving the arriving guests. They come from Tavistock in a brake, like those seen at bean-feasts and popular seaside resorts; but on these occasions the occupants are anything but gay and are hidden from view by a black curtain.

Sometimes notice of fresh arrivals from local prisons is given as far as a fortnight in advance, but occasionally only a day or two's warning is received. Prisoners in the last three months of their sentences are accompanied by an unarmed warder, for it is safe to assume that such men would not attempt to escape when they have so much to lose.

The officers have a very spacious recreation-room, which is fitted with a stage and a stock of scenery. The latter was painted by a prisoner and does that individual credit. The officers and their wives give dramatic entertainments among themselves, and other entertainments are given by professional people. Of the officers' canteen I can speak highly—I had two glasses of very good ale there.

On either side of the entrance to the prison are situated the quarters of the Governor and the Deputy-Governor.

There is a photographic studio in the prison, and all prisoners are photographed when they arrive and when they leave; both front- and side-face. The photographer, who is a uniformed officer, told me he had very little trouble with his subjects, who realise that it is an inevitable ordeal. A special chair is provided, the seat of which is fitted with three ridges, one each side and the third down the centre. This is necessary, in order to get the subjects to sit absolutely square. Sometimes as many as twenty or thirty prints of one photograph are made to send about to different places.

There are many picturesque spots in sight of the prison, such, for instance, as Oakery Bridge, under which the Blackabrook River runs. For so secluded a place, Dartmoor has many visitors, who come principally for the excellent fishing which is to be obtained; it is also easy of access by the excellent service of the Great Western Railway. Very good accommodation may be obtained at the Duchy Hotel, although you might not think so from the appearance of the exterior.

Near the prison walls there are two graveyards, where the French and American prisoners of war lie buried. A granite cairn has been erected in each, on which appears the following inscription, varied only in the case of the word referring to the nationality: "In memory of the French Prisoners of War who died in Dartmoor Prison between



THE PRISON FROM DEVONPORT LEET.

the years 1809 and 1814, and lie buried here. Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori." Both occupy very picturesque spots.

The severity of the punishment of penal servitude lies in the terrible monotony and rigour of discipline and the lengthy incarceration—nearly twelve hours out of the twenty-four—within the limited dimensions of the cell. If there are no dietary luxuries, the food supplied is wholesome and satisfies without surfeiting.

VIEWS IN AND ABOUT DARTMOOR PRISON.



THE DEPUTY-GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.



ENTRANCE TO THE QUARRIES.



SAW-MILL AND MORTAR-MIXING SHED.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.



EXTERIOR OF TAILORS' SHOP.



EXERCISE YARD.



THE PRISON RESERVOIR.



THE STONEMASONS' YARD.

MADAME RÉJANE:

THE MRS. KENDAL OF THE PARISIAN STAGE.

PARISIAN! That word, so infinite in its variety, sums up the many-sided qualities of the actress whom not only her own nation but many of the other peoples of the world hold in high esteem, for, from the crown of her head, *bien coiffée*, to the soles of her feet, *bien chaussée*, by way of her hands, *bien gantée*, she is of France the capital.

That, however, is by no means the reason either for her extraordinary popularity or the undoubted vogue she has. The reason for those must be sought elsewhere, and may, perhaps, be found in that individuality which is so dominant a characteristic that one of our critics, emulating the manner of the critics of the Boulevard, wrote "Because Réjane is Réjane, the disagreeable play has been written, and if on occasion you cannot help being pleased in spite of yourself, that also is because Réjane is Réjane."

That there may be some truth in this statement no one will deny, for, as another epigrammatist would say, all statements contain truth, and the most false the most truth. If Madame Réjane, like women generally, does not change her appearance with each new character she assumes, but shows her own pleasing face whatever may be the name of the personage she is impersonating, she does only what all other women do whatever their nationality, and what, for that matter, most of the men on the stage do likewise. If in the old days acting was the impersonal presentation of a personality, to-day it may be said to be the personal representation of an individuality, as the actor endeavours less and less to represent facially the character conceived by the dramatist and to present more and more his own individual characteristics. These, however, may be held to be the metaphysics of acting, and Madame Réjane, whatever may be the appearance of her face, always has the happy knack of "getting into the skin of a part," as the actors say, and, while she is on the stage, living it out to the full, just as does, for instance, Mrs. Kendal, who, if unlike Réjane in her method, is as distinctly typical of England as her sister in Art is of France, though in that Art they have this in common, that they are both mistresses of comedy and of emotional expression and can draw laughter and tears at will.

If on the stage Madame Réjane is a consummate artist, she is no less artistic off it, and her house reflects that characteristic in a marked manner, for there everything is informed by the spirit of the woman, and, if there is one passion which dominates it more than another, it is her love of roses. In her drawing-room that favour finds a marked expression, for the cushions are embroidered with roses in all their varying shades of pink, and the window-blinds are edged with them, so that Browning's well-known line, "It was roses, roses all the way," springs not only unbidden to the mind in that room, but seems a trite commentary on the apartment. Indeed, the actress's love for roses might not inaptly be compared to that of Lady Teazle, a woman all comedy actresses delight in representing. Who does not remember that, when Sir Peter railed at her for spending "as much to furnish her drawing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse," she replied that she wished "it was

spring all the year round and that roses grew under our feet"? If some French author were to turn his attention to adapting "The School for Scandal" for the French stage and Madame Réjane were to play Lady Teazle, the part should suit her admirably, for, English though it is in expression, there is in it enough of that humanity to make it appeal to all nations, thus proving once more the truth of the old proverb, "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Connoisseur of many things, Madame Réjane prides herself, perhaps, most on her collection of fans, as well she may, for they are as beautiful as they are valuable and number many examples of the skill of the most famous makers and of the most famous painters. She delights, too, in her spinets, of which she has no fewer than

three and on which she is a skilled performer, as Parisians well know, for she has used one of them on the stage.

Reclining on the sofa in her drawing-room, her favourite place for resting before going to the theatre, Madame Réjane's admirers will recall that famous scene in "Ma Cousine," when she played it at the Garrick Theatre, in which she accomplished something in the nature of a *tour de force* by remaining the best part of an Act lying on a couch. If ever there was anything typical of the Art of France or the Art of Réjane as opposed to the Art of England, it was that scene. Fifteen years ago, Mr. R. C. Carton and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, writing "The Great Pink Pearl" together, made one of their characters persistently reiterate, "You English have no repose." It is on the stage that one sees that fact in its most flagrant form. Put two English actors to play a scene, and, before they have rehearsed it three minutes, one or other, if not both, will stop and say, "Don't you think we had better break up the picture?" What they mean is, "Don't you think we had better move about for the sake of moving about?" It is, no doubt, the outcome of the day when plays did not represent "the very age and body of the time," but actors played parts written in imitation of the old masters, who lived in "the spacious days" and wrote accordingly. In those

plays, people rarely sat down, hence one of the first necessities for moving combined with the method of "making points" to win great applause. Though we have changed the manner of our plays, we have, unhappily, at present not changed the recollection of the methods of our fathers, whence we still "break up the picture."

Not so Madame Réjane, who, with the consummate skill of an artist, knows that she can exercise such a magnetic control over the mental and emotional faculties of her audiences that she can keep them interested in all she does while she is doing it without moving about.

But, perhaps, this is more metaphysics of acting.

Madame Réjane, by the way, is another instance of the brilliant possibilities of the woman who does not show them as a girl, for at the Conservatoire she did not take a First Prize, while to-day, whether as Zaza or as Madame Sans-Gêne, in "Sapho," Germanie, the heroine of "La Robe Rouge," or in "La Passerelle," or Sylvie, she takes all the prizes which the theatre can offer to an artist, and then goes home to rejoice with a mother's devotion in the welfare of her children, to whom she is passionately attached.



"I AM RATHER PROUD OF MY COLLECTION OF FANS."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXXI.—MADAME RÉJANE.



DÉJEUNER.



AT THE SPINET.



IN THE BOUDOIR.



THE FAVOURITE COUCH.

LAMBETH PALACE,

WHERE THE NEWLY APPOINTED ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WILL SHORTLY TAKE UP HIS RESIDENCE.

"NOTHING less than a memorial of a great struggle with the Papacy, it is a standing protest, though not successful, of the English Church of the twelfth century against the dictation of Rome; it is a material evidence of the early assertion of her championship of the rights of the English people against Papal usurpation." It is thus that one of the best-known of its historians has written of Lambeth Palace, which for some seven hundred years has been the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Entrance to the Palace is obtained through the great gateway in Morton's Tower, or "Gateway," as it is commonly called, after the Primate who will always live in history as "the building Archbishop," for he found the Palace almost in ruins and restored it. It is one of the finest specimens of the early Tudor style of brick building in existence. The room on the ground-floor of the tower on the right hand is now the Porter's Lodge, but it was used as a prison, as the bars to the

naturally dates back to the time when the Archbishops, like other Churchmen, needed men-at-arms to protect them from the possible violence of the populace with whom they were brought into contact by virtue of the political and judicial offices they held. Now, this room is, to all intents and purposes, the Portrait Gallery of the Palace, the walls being more or less covered with pictures of the various Primates. Near the Guard Room is a square tower of red brick, which is always known as Cranmer's Tower, containing, as it does, his parlour, while over it was his bedroom, with certain rooms for his immediate attendants. In many ways one of the most interesting of the buildings is the Water Tower, more commonly though erroneously known as the Lollards' Tower, in which the Bishops of Winchester and Salisbury are entitled to have rooms. It seems strange, nowadays, to think that that tower, which lies to the extreme north-west of the building and is shown in the illustration on this page, was at one



LAMBETH PALACE.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.

small windows and the heavy iron rings in the walls sufficiently attest, without the names which may still be seen cut into the masonry of the walls. Opposite to the Porter's rooms is his kitchen, which was once the office of the Registrar of the Prerogative Court. Upstairs, on the first-floor of the tower, to the north, was Archbishop Morton's sitting-room, while on the next floor was his bedroom. Between the two towers was what at one time was known as the Muniment or Record Room.

The Gateway passed, the Courtyard stretches up to the entrance of the Palace. On the left-hand side is the Great Hall, or Juxon's Hall, as it is commonly called, after the Archbishop who spent some ten thousand pounds in rebuilding it after the Restoration, for it was demolished by Cromwell's soldiers, who desecrated and injured most of the building. The Great Hall, a small portion of which is shown to the left of the illustration of the Main Courtyard Entrance, is now the Library. It is rich in manuscripts of various kinds, as well as in early printed books, among them being a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, which bears the date 1455, or twenty years before Caxton's first printed book was made in England. This hall, which runs nearly the whole length of the eastern side of the building, is a hundred feet long, fifty feet high, and thirty-eight feet broad. Some of the most memorable events connected with the history of the Church of England have taken place in the Great Hall.

The great Dining Hall was at one time the Guard Room, and

time washed by the Thames; yet so it was, and from steps at its base the Archbishop took his boat or barge to Westminster when he had occasion to go to Parliament or to see the Sovereign. The topmost room of the tower is undoubtedly the most interesting, as it was used for the incarceration of prisoners for religious offences, and many of them have carved their names on the walls, in which the iron rings to which they were bound may still be seen.

The Chapel, which dates back to the middle of the thirteenth century, was restored by Archbishop Laud, and may well be considered as something of a memorial to the late Archbishop Tait, whose munificence, allied to the taste of his wife, restored it to the beauty which it had probably not had for many hundred years. Nearly all the windows have been filled with coloured glass, one of them being the gift of the American Bishops who were at the Lambeth Conference of 1878, while the groined roof has been beautifully decorated in fresco, and black and white marble has taken the place of the old stone floor. Among the monuments, one of the most interesting is in the centre, to the memory of Archbishop Parker, whose tomb was broken open by the Puritans and whose bones were removed from the coffin and thrown upon a dust-heap outside, the lead of the coffin itself being sold for what it would fetch. Sancroft subsequently discovered the remains and had them reverently interred beneath the stone which now marks their resting-place.

LAMBETH PALACE.



THE MAIN COURTYARD ENTRANCE.



THE CHAPEL.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

BENJAMIN SWIFT has completed a new novel of the "smart set" of London Society. It is called "In Piccadilly" and will be published towards the end of this month. The central figure, it is said, is an old Laird who leases a house in Piccadilly in order that he may be near his fashionable son and finds himself drawn into the vortex of Society.

Sir Gilbert Parker's Parliamentary duties have prevented him from completing the dramatisation of "The Right of Way," and it is probable that the play will not be seen until the late autumn.

Mr. George Moore's new book has for its title "The Untilled Field." It is, of course, a novel of Irish life and character.

Mr. Seton Merriman is one of the few popular authors of the day whose personality and portrait are practically unknown to the general public—indeed, he is seldom seen even in literary circles. One who has recently met Mr. Hugh Scott—the real name of the author of "The Vultures"—describes him as bearing a strong resemblance to Robert Louis Stevenson. He says that, if Scott would turn down his collars and his hair (which he wears boot-brush fashion), the resemblance would be striking. Mr. Merriman is further described as being "tall and long-limbed, careless as regards clothes, lazy as regards movement, with the same sharpness of feature and brilliance of eye that suggested delicacy in Stevenson."

Lord Kilmarnock, the eldest son of the Earl of Erroll, whose title goes back to the fifteenth century, has written a novel called "Ferelith," which apparently deals with occult subjects. Lord Kilmarnock is twenty-six years old. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish the book immediately.

I am sorry to hear that Mrs. Humphry Ward has been somewhat seriously ill. She is now, however, on the way to recovery. Her new novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," will be first issued in an Edition de Luxe limited to three hundred and fifty numbered sets.

Mr. E. W. Hornung's new novel, "No Hero," to be published shortly, tells how an Eton boy escapes from his mother's influence and falls in love with a woman who is believed to be an adventuress. The scene of the novel is laid in Switzerland, with a background of hotel gossip. The narrative is told by the boy's mother, who has undertaken the task of disillusioning her son.

The latest volume of the "Red Letter Library" is a selection of "Poems by Robert Browning," with an introduction by Alice Meynell. This dainty series is being published by Messrs. Blackie and Son. The price of each volume is half-a-crown.

Mr. A. C. Benson, whose charming verses have gained him many admirers, has completed a volume of short stories to be called "The Hill of Trouble." The book will be published by Messrs. Isbister.

According to the *American Bookman*, the most popular novel in the United States for 1902 was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a book which has also had considerable success on this side of the Atlantic. Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," "The Mississippi Bubble," and "The Virginian" come next, and are followed by "The Crisis," "The Man from Glengarry," "The Leopard's Spots," "Lazarre," "The Cavalier," and "Sir Richard Calmady." I hear

that there is a distinct slump in the sales of fiction in the United States and that it is becoming increasingly difficult to organise a "boom." The fact is, of course, that the reading public is learning a certain amount of discretion and is becoming tired of having fifth-rate fiction forced upon it by gigantic and flamboyant advertisements.

Mr. Kitton has collected together for the first time, for issue by Chapman and Hall, all Charles Dickens's poems, occasional verses, and songs. The collection will include not only the lyrics from Dickens's operettas, "The Village Coquettes" and "The Lamplighter," but also his political squibs and songs in the *Examiner*, *Daily News*, and elsewhere. Bibliographical notes supply the circumstances of production, with some anecdotal particulars.

To promote the *entente cordiale* seems to be the laudable secondary object of the bi-lingual *Weekly Critical Review*, the first number of which has just appeared in Paris. The Editor is Arthur Bles, who has obtained the names of some very distinguished contributors. M. Huysmans contributes a sketch; M. Bourget promises another for No. 2; M. Louis de Fourcard sends some very interesting notes on Flaubert. Two-thirds of the paper is written in English.

Mr. Grant Richards will publish immediately an important work entitled "Germany: The Welding of a World Power," a most valuable and timely volume. The author is Herr Wolf von Schierbrand, the well-known Berlin Correspondent of several American papers. The volume gives a striking picture of the life of contemporary Germany.

Maxim Gorky has achieved a mighty success in Russia with his new play, which was received at Moscow with enthusiasm unequalled in the history of the Russian stage. The well-known dramatic critic of the St. Petersburg *Novoski* writes that, although he has grown grey in the service of the theatre, he has never been present at such a first-night. "It was the apotheosis of a new literary idea. Maxim Gorky has proved himself a powerful sovereign of thought." He describes the play as a revolution, breaking down all the old conventions—a revolution accomplished in the name of the rights of life and humanity. "It is a tremendous glorification of man, a hymn to humanity." The play, it is said, will be translated into English immediately, and it is likely that an adaptation will be produced on the English stage.

O. O.

Mr. Caldwell Lipsett knows his India well, and his new book, "A Frontier Officer" (Everett), like his "Lord Curzon in India," contains much that is both interesting and informative. The story, however, is slight; and the heroine, a wild Irish girl who refuses to be bound by the narrow conventions of Indian Society, does not appeal to one's imagination. To use her own words to the Frontier Officer, within a few moments of their first meeting, she is—"a terror, a holy terror." Mr. Lipsett is scathing in his depiction of the "sun-dried and humourless" civil and military officials, and their womenkind fare even worse at his hands. How the Frontier Officer and Nora at length decide to marry and leave India for a more or less problematical career at home the reader must find out for himself. The chapters on the expedition into and retirement from the country of the Afridis are the most interesting in the book, since here Mr. Lipsett is in his true element and does himself full justice.



STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.—X. "MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER."

NEW NOVELS—A DOZEN OR SO.

"ROSEBURY."

By L. T. MEADE.
(*Chatto and Windus. 6s.*)

Mrs. L. T. Meade has evidently wished to emphasise the fact that a guilty conscience "has a thousand several tongues." To do so, she might have taken a lesser crime than murder; but, had she done so, we feel that her story would have lost much of the grim power that makes it an engrossing human study. Murder—the ugliest of all crimes, and, at the hands of a young girl, exceptionally abhorrent—so often reduces a story to the level of mere "sensation" that Mrs. Meade's success is all the greater from the fact that she ignores police-court detail as much as possible, relying on the inner rather than the outer self for her material. Annie Watson, who in her love for a man kills the rival who would prevent her marriage by the betrayal of a folly, and, like another Eugene Aram, lives a slave to conscience until her guilt finds her out, is a creation that will assuredly enhance Mrs. Meade's reputation.

"FUGITIVE ANNE."

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.
(*John Long. 6s.*)

Under a particularly unfortunate title, which suggests nothing more romantic than the escapades of a runaway school-girl, Mrs. Campbell Praed has produced a story which is in every way excellent and which possesses much of the fascination of "She" and "King Solomon's Mines." Anne's adventures amongst the blacks of the Australian bush and the mysterious Acans may be seemingly impossible, her luck may be even greater than that usually bestowed upon heroines, her voice may have almost incredible power to soothe the savage breast, her masquerade as a daughter of the gods and High Priestess of the worshippers of the tortoise may appear, to use an expressive Americanism, "tall," but she is the owner of such an engaging personality and a young lady of such energy that she should totally eclipse that other Anne, the Sister Anne of our childhood, whose chief claims to consideration lie in her power as a watch-tower climber and her espial of sundry clouds of dust.

"THE FETICH OF THE FAMILY."

By EDITH A. BARNETT.
(*Heinemann. 6s.*)

"Blanche lives on. Still, though there are too many starving women in the world, and though there is always too little food to go round, she is eating bread-and-butter that might nourish a saint or a heroine." There, in a sentence, is the key-note of Miss Barnett's book, the production of which, inasmuch as it deals with that most pitiful of all human beings, the child who is "not quite as other children," is only to be deplored. The exploitation of mental weakness is never pleasant, and seldom serves a useful purpose; it finds its proper place in a medical work, not in a work of fiction. Had Miss Barnett woven her story round a monkey and a child, as Kingdon Symms would have had it, instead of round the mentally afflicted Blanche and the self-sacrificing sister with whom she is brought up, the result might have been an engrossing, if painful, semi-medical study; as it is, the outcome of the effort can only appeal to the morbid.

"THE PARISH DOCTOR."

By ALFC COOK.
(*John Long. 6s.*)

On page a hundred and fifty-eight of "The Parish Doctor," Mr. Cook finds cause to remark, "but this is digression." He might, had he so wished, have written it on many other pages of his novel. Amateurish, and on several occasions in questionable taste, his story is, perhaps, fortunate in appearing before the definite formation of the Club whose members are to pledge themselves to destroy a certain number of new books each month. Village scandal is most at home in the village: in the wide-reaching pages of a work of fiction it is apt to become as monotonous as it is petty.

"BY THAMES AND TIBER."

By MRS. AYLMER GOWING.
(*John Long. 6s.*)

Mrs. Aylmer Gowing's novel is one of the many that defy Euclid's axiom that the whole is greater than the part. Ida, ward of Publius Cornelius Dolabella, a dweller in Rome when Nero the amorous was Emperor, is so much more entertaining a personage than Ida the modern that it is a matter for regret that the whole, instead of the major portion of the story, was not devoted to her. Save that it enables the author to touch lightly upon the question of transmigration of souls and to convert her heroine from semi-atheism to Christianity, the connection between the two personalities is of little moment so far as the interest of the reader is concerned, more especially as it necessitates a dream which, extending over three weeks, provides material for six-and-twenty chapters. For the rest, "By Thames and Tiber" is, if anything, above the average.

"THE LIVING BHUDDA."

By ROY HORNIMAN.
(*Unwin. 6s.*)

Mr. Roy Horniman opens his tale of wonder in the days of the Indian Mutiny, and the horrors begin at once. He tells how an English babe was stolen, just after his father had been shot by his men. The distracted mother's agony is portrayed with cruel and crude sincerity, and we are not much comforted even when, thirty years later, the afflicted lady discovers her son in a Buddhist monastery, worshipped as the living Buddha. She knows him by his father's eyes and by the lack of a finger, which had been shot off by a mutineer's bullet on the day the Sepoys widowed her. The Buddha, she thought, was destined to be the reformer of Asia, only he is killed before his mother's eyes in a fanatical outbreak of the Chinese "Fuchsia League." The poor lady might have been spared this. The book is a curious farrago of Christianity, Buddhism, love, and mad adventure, compounded without literary or dramatic art.

"AN UNWISE VIRGIN."

By MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN.
(*John Long. 6s.*)

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan has set out a full banquet of horrors, and her book is a wonderful revelation of what can be done when an author definitely attempts to give the reader the worth of his money in sheer sensationalism. The machinery is all in order—a mysterious abbey, ghostly legends, a first-rate family curse warranted to work regularly, a spectral monk, madness, crime, and from these what a story has Mrs. Coulson Kernahan woven! Mr. Metcalf of Marris Abbey knows that one day homicidal mania will attack him, so he secretly engages two doctors to watch for the fatal moment. The household is to understand that one physician is only James the butler, while the other is the private secretary, and yet one of the ladies in the house addresses the secretary as "Dr." and invites him to visit a cottager's sick child. But this is by no means the strangest thing in the book. The unwise virgin is Rosamunde, Metcalf's kinswoman, who fancies she ought to take the veil, but discovers in time that her vocation is to marry Dr. Septimus Maxime, the pseudo private secretary. Despite the murders and hideous doings he saw at Marris Abbey and the blandishments of wicked Lady Aubrey, Maxime contrives to keep sane and in the last chapter comes duly to the altar with the right woman. The professedly humorous portions of the work are far less funny than the professedly serious.

"ANTHEA'S WAY."

By ADELINE SERGEANT.
(*Methuen. 6s.*)

Anthea's way was curious, but commendable, if scarcely credible. After much suffering, she marries the man of her heart, now a widower. His first wife entrusted her little girl to Anthea, and the father thought, somewhat late in the day, that he should ask her to marry him. Anthea consents, is happy, and has many children of whom she is very fond, but of the step-child she is fonder still. That is Anthea's way and the fitting conclusion of a perfectly innocuous volume.

"THE GOLDEN KINGDOM."

By ANDREW BALFOUR.
(*Hutchinson. 6s.*)

While Dr. Andrew Balfour was acting as a Civil surgeon in the Carolina district of the Transvaal, he visited on the night of Feb. 29, 1901, the house of Nikolaas Mortmeyer, a Boer farmer then absent on commando. In the Family Bible Dr. Balfour found the manuscript of "Dr. Harry Mortimer," whose narrative is set forth, doubtless with editorial additions, in "The Golden Kingdom." The tale is one of humour, "hairbreadth 'scapes," and pathos, but surely the day has long gone by for mysterious charts to be given as frontispieces to volumes of adventure. And the song of Captain Corkran teases us by its echo of the weird refrain which runs through "Dead Man's Rock."

"OUTSIDE AND OVERSEAS."

By G. MARGILL.
(*Methuen. 6s.*)

One may best describe this book as admirably suited to boys, containing, as it does, all the well-known ingredients, explorations in strange countries, naval fights, battles with native tribes, and even a love affair with a beautiful Indian girl. Unlike the conclusion of most of these stories, however, in which the hero returns victorious, laden with spoil, Mungo Ballas comes back rather poorer than he sets out, and is promptly mistaken for someone else and clapped into prison, on his release from which one takes leave of him for ever.

"THEWS OF ENGLAND."

By PATRICK VAUX.
(*Heinemann. 3s. 6d.*)

"Thews of England," a good collection of sea-stories, might have been termed "The Heroes of Forlorn Hopes," for almost every tale tells of some gallant naval officer fighting against fearful odds and losing both ship and life rather than surrender. Almost invariably, according to the author, he has been sent to sea with his vessel lacking the most necessary appurtenances of war, and this omission is to be laid at the door of a dilatory Admiralty. Certain passages are rather unnecessarily revolting in their gruesome realism, but, on the whole, the author is capable of some fine word-pictures.

"THE GATES OF WRATH."

By ARNOLD BENNETT.
(*Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.*)

The author frankly styles his book a melodrama, but it is not even clever melodrama. The beautiful Mrs. Cavalossi, with the pearl-shaped hazel eyes, and Dr. Colpus are two of the greatest villains to be met with even in this class of fiction. She has a most ingenious scheme for getting rid of a man who stands between her and a few millions, by stealthily opening a window on a damp night when he is lying ill with influenza. One has a feeling that the author himself is none too proud of this effort, as he takes care to inform the reader that the story was written serially before "Anna of the Five Towns," which does him more credit.

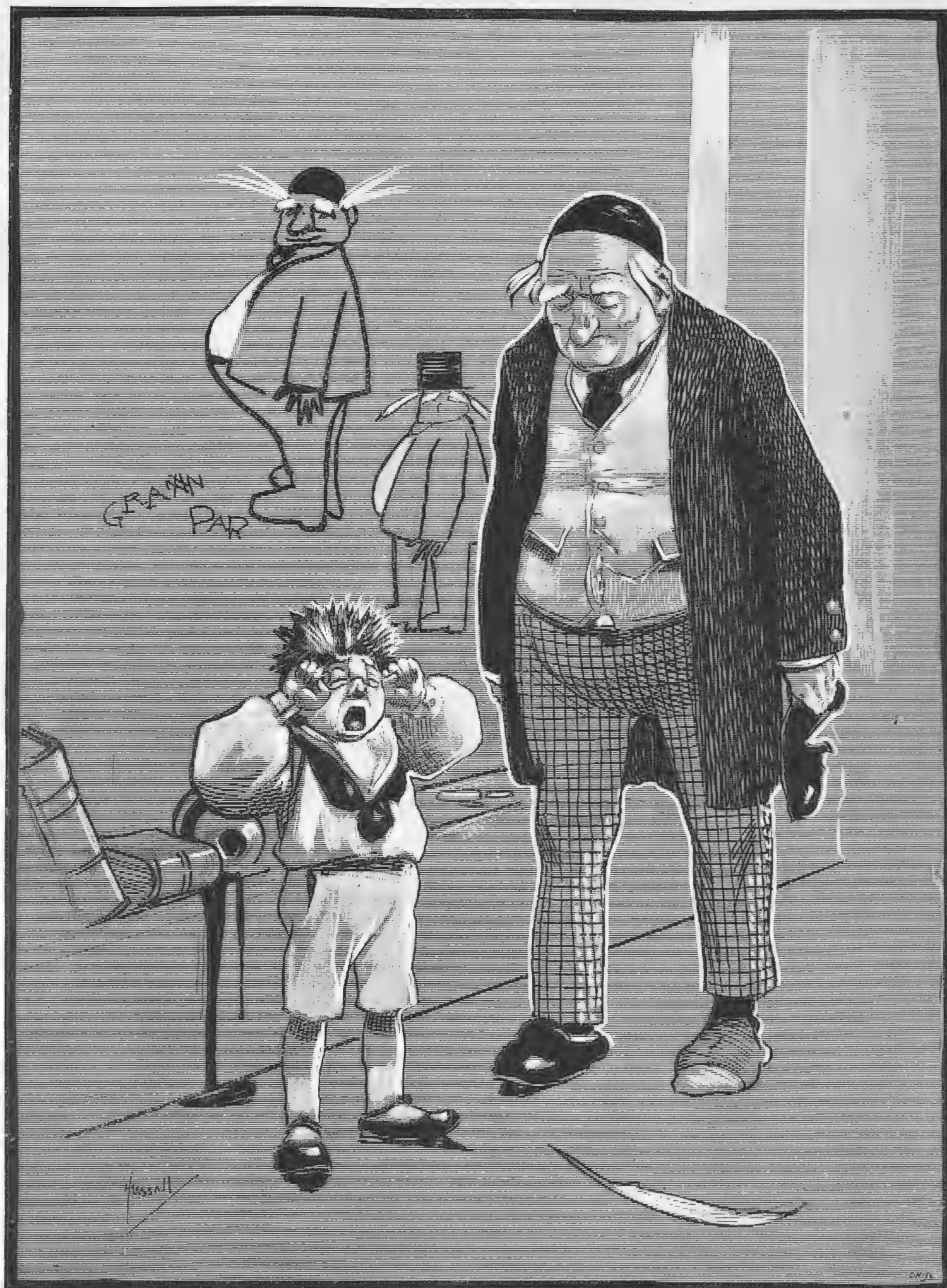
"A MIXED MARRIAGE."

By MRS. FRANK PENNY.
(*Methuen. 6s.*)

Stories of India, even although much more numerous nowadays, have a distinct interest if cleverly handled, and Mrs. Penny's book dealing with a young girl who becomes engaged to a native Prince is no exception to the rule. Lorina Carlyon goes through a ceremony of marriage in England, but finds, after a few weeks' residence in India, under the protection of the Begum, the Prince's mother, an insuperable barrier to becoming the wife of Mir Jacob, and returns to England a sadder and a wiser woman. This is quite enough plot to furnish a clever picture of Indian life and customs and to give a good idea of the restricted lives of the Indian women.

NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



VIII.—TOUCHSTONE.

"HAST ANY PHILOSOPHY IN THEE, SHEPHERD?"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ZOE'S HUSSAR.

A TRUE VENEZUELAN STORY TAKEN FROM A
DIPLOMAT'S JOURNAL.

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.



It was break of day at Valencia, that "pearl of Venezuelan cities," and already the bells of the Cathedral and Convent were calling people

to Mass. A group of Indians and Mulattos lounged, chattering and laughing, up the Calle de la Constitucion towards the market, while down the side-lanes leading to the river parties of women were on their way to bathe, and just opposite my window a lazy barber, cigar in mouth, was leisurely opening his shutters.

As I leant out of the casement, a sound of clattering hoofs, smacking whips, and swearing voices made me crane my neck to look up the road, while the barber stopped and stared too. Two riders, approaching at a gallop, were driving before them a baggage-laden mule, while surmounting the luggage lay the muleteer, strapped to the topmost trunk.

"Good Heavens!" I said, giving way to mirth; "it's Hamilton!"

And, sure enough, it was, for a moment later he wheeled round sharply at sight of me, and, standing in his stirrups, waved a greeting, while his own breathless laughter prevented him from speaking.

"Run you to earth!" he called up at last, "eh, Eastlake? Heard you had come out on F. O. business, asked what your Christian name was, knew there could not be two Backhouse Eastlakes in the world, and said, 'By Jove, its 'Baccy'!' Took French leave and rode all night to catch you on the hop. Where are you bound for?"

"To Carácas," I answered; "I'm on this loan job, you know. Jolly glad to see you, 'Hammy'; I should have known you anywhere. Let's see, was it eight years ago, or ten, that we were 'wet bobs' together and got that ducking on the Fourth of June?"

"Good old Eton!" responded Hamilton. "What a plodder you were, Eastlake!"

He gave the reins to my servant, Juan, whom I had sent down, and dismounted, saying to his own servant, "Pitch that fellow on to the straw here and let him sleep it off. Our muleteer had too much liquid refreshment on the way," he added, looking up to me, "so we had to do his work for him. You must put me up, Eastlake. I can't ride back till to-morrow."

By this time I was hastening down to welcome him and order breakfast for us both.

"I heard you were in the Service," I said, "but I never expected to see you out here. What's your regiment?"

"Fifth Hussars," he answered. "I'm on leave, and my brother—Georgie, you know—is Consul at La Guaira, so I came to have a look at him here. Deuced lucky finding you! What are all the bells making such a clatter for?"

I explained that it was the fiesta of a saint, and that presently we must go out and watch the procession to church.

"There are some pretty girls in Valencia," I assured him, "and they will all be going to Mass—'Church Parade' in Hyde Park isn't in it; the señoritas wear their best and look their best. You will lose your heart, Hamilton. There is nothing to beat a Venezuelan belle."

He was very sceptical on the subject, averring that he did not admire brunettes and that he had not seen a really pretty girl in Venezuela yet.

I took stock of him while we breakfasted, finding the same traits of feature and of character in the Hussar that I remembered in the schoolboy, with merely the difference of superior height and breadth. Revell Hamilton had been the best-looking boy of his time at Eton; and there was still the same wavy chestnut hair, the fine features, the magnificent teeth, while in the years that had passed he had grown to six-feet-two. He was just the same happy-go-lucky beggar, too, I could see, taking no thought for the moment ahead of him, yet getting, by a fluke, the things in life for which the rest of us fought and struggled and planned.

I took him out presently up the Gran Plaza, where a noisy procession, accompanied by music and the letting-off of holy squibs, was filing towards the Cathedral.

Following it were little knots of Venezuelan ladies, and, as we passed them and waited just outside the big door to see them enter, I said to Hamilton, "Have you any fault to find, you captious critic?"

For it was a veritable dream of fair women. Such lustrous eyes, such crimson lips, such dainty figures and ankles, while the coquettish lace mantilla draping their heads enhanced the beauty of its wearers tenfold.

I looked to see what impression the vision was making on Hamilton and was struck by the intensity of his fixed regard, though I felt no surprise when I followed his gaze and saw that it rested on Zoe Ribera.

Her people were French settlers naturalised for a generation or more as Venezuelans, and Zoe was considered the belle of Valencia. Dark-blue eyes, bright-brown hair, arched eyebrows, and a skin like white velvet distinguished her from the majority of dark-haired, dark-eyed Valencians; and the lithe grace of her carriage might have been learnt in a French Court rather than in this remote town of South America.

"She came, she saw, she conquered," I murmured, passing my arm through Hamilton's, for he had made a quick step forward. But he jerked himself free and followed her during the few yards that lay between her and the door.

Then, just as she passed in, she glanced round, looked hurriedly towards her elder sister, Mercedes, who was walking with her, and finally dropped her handkerchief, vanishing into the Cathedral before Hamilton had time to pick it up and present it to her. He slipped it up his coat-sleeve and rejoined me with a look of elated triumph on his face.

"Come home," he said; "I don't want to see any more. You know that girl, Eastlake?"

"Certainly. She is not only the best-looking, but the cleverest girl in the place, and she inherits a small fortune from her father, who is dead. I am going to a party at Madame Ribera's to-night."

"Then I go too, and you introduce me."

"With the Señorita's permission," I said, doubtfully. "Miss Zoe is not always approachable. She has refused half the men in Valencia, and it is said she may take the veil in three years, when she is twenty-one."

"Never!" he said, wrathfully. "Don't be an ass, 'Baccy'! A girl like that in a convent!"

"My dear old chap," I remonstrated, "it's nothing to do with me—or you."

But I felt that the scrap of lace and muslin peeping from his sleeve was giving me the lie direct even as I said it. And, if I had had any doubts, they would have been dispelled that evening.

Zoe was all in white, with a wide ribbon bow in her hair; and, as usual, every man in the room was paying homage to her, which she received as indifferently as though she were a Queen bored with her courtiers.

But when I walked up to her with Hamilton and asked permission to present him, I was amazed at the transformation. The colour that flashed into her cheeks was like the pink that tinges the inward curve of a sea-shell, and she lifted her drooping eyelids and looked him straight in the face.

If she had looked at me like that—but that would have been another story.

It was a case of mutual love at first sight. They were living editions of the Prince and Princess in a fairy-tale, and the only drawback to the immediate and orthodox conclusion of living happy ever after was—want of time. For the Prince was bound to start for England in five days, and Venezuelan etiquette precluded the chance of his seeing Zoe except in the presence of others.

Once only that evening, when I had engaged Mercedes in earnest conversation and so covered a whispered colloquy between the two, they talked for each other and not for the whole room.

"You went to church this morning?" she said, interrogatively. "It was the feast of my sister's patron saint, and we were there."

"I know," he said, in a low tone. "I saw you enter, and longed

to enter too, but felt unworthy. My only consolation was this—which dropped from Paradise for my benefit.”

He evidently showed her the edge of the handkerchief, for she murmured, “You picked it up. May I have it back?”

“May I keep it until to-morrow?” he pleaded.

I heard her say, “Hush,” softly, as Madame Ribera crossed the room and separated them.

The next morning, Hamilton insisted on going to a school where lace was made and paying an enormous sum for a handkerchief which was certainly a miracle of art. I could guess its destination.

Late in the afternoon he announced his intention of staying a second night with me.

“How about catching your boat?” I said.

“Oh, I shall manage that!” he answered, carelessly. He really was not the least bit changed from the day when, being absent from roll-call on some escapade in Windsor, he contrived that the fire-bell of his “house” at Eton should be rung and a false alarm created that covered his defection, so that he got off scot-free.

We rode down the Nagua road before dinner, that being the recognised time in Valencia for seeing your friends.

At every window of the large villas were the fairest daughters of the house, while to and fro in the road beneath rode and sauntered their admirers. I introduced Hamilton to many of the prettiest Valencians, and we went into some of the houses and had a chat and cigarette; but he had no eyes or thoughts for anyone but Zoe, and when we rode past “Los Angeles,” the Riberas’ house, and she was not at the window, he was in despair.

As we passed back, however, Zoe, followed by Mercedes, came forward and leant out, bowing and blushing.

Hamilton could just reach her window-sill where he sat on his horse, and presently I noticed that a little packet had slipped from his hand and disappeared inside. Mercedes, who was sitting beyond Zoe, asked what had fallen; but Zoe said, “It is only my handkerchief,” and, stooping, picked it up.

Then I saw a quick look pass between her and Hamilton.

He was silent and absorbed as we rode home, and I did not disturb him; I saw that the matter was serious with him.

He spoke of her only once all that evening, when he said, “Look here, Eastlake, what am I to do? I must go back to-morrow, and I must say good-bye to Zoe—manage it for me.”

I was at my wits’ end how to contrive a meeting; and, as no scheme presented itself, at last adopted the simple plan of calling on Madame Ribera, taking Hamilton with me.

We were shown into the drawing-room, where Zoe and a little sister of ten were at work, and I made the most of the next few moments for Revell Hamilton.

“I have to go,” he said, hurriedly, “to England; but I will come back, Zoe, as soon as possible.” There was silence for a minute, and then she answered softly, “I will wait.”

Then Madame Ribera came in, and Felipa, running from me to meet her—the little minx!—said, “Oh, mother, this caballero has been talking such nonsense to me, and the other one has been kissing Zoe’s hand!”

We were thunder-struck.

“What does this mean?” demanded Madame Ribera. Hamilton bowed. “It means,” he said, “that I love your daughter, and that I shall come back to claim her.”

Madame Ribera’s face expressed a mixture of emotions. “You are a stranger to us,” she said, haughtily. “You have taken an unwarrantable liberty, sir. Go!”

We retreated, abashed, while Zoe’s lovely eyes filled with despairing tears; but, as we passed through the door, Hamilton said, firmly, “I shall come back for Zoe.” So the little episode ended, and, when an imperative command to him to return arrived late that night, he rode away as unconcerned as though the whole thing had been an intermezzo, pretty and pleasant while it lasted, but of no real consequence in the drama of his life.

My own work in Venezuela came to a conclusion shortly afterwards, and I had to leave without seeing Zoe, for her mother guarded her more rigidly than ever, and it was generally said that Madame Ribera had given her the choice of marrying one of her many rejected suitors or going at once into the convent.

Two and a-half years later, I was back again, however, in Carácas on political business, owing to a recent rebellion, and I took the earliest opportunity of going to Valencia and looking up the Riberas.

Mercedes, the plain, insignificant sister, whose sole duty in life had been that of duenna to Zoe, was married, I found, and it was she who received me when I called at “Los Angeles,” apologising for her mother’s absence on the score of indisposition. Her welcome was very marked, and almost her first words were, “How very sad your poor friend’s death

was! You will be able to give us the details.” I asked her if she was speaking of Revell Hamilton, of whom the last news I had was his departure to India a year since with his regiment. “But you have surely heard!” she exclaimed. “He was killed six months ago at a polo-match. Monsieur de la Feste told us so; he was travelling in India at the time.”

I was shocked.

“My sister,” Mercedes went on, “refuses to believe in his death; I think her mind is not very reasonable on the subject. I hoped——” She broke off. I read the reason for her cordial reception of me in her troubled face.

“I was anxious to see you,” she went on. “I promised to ask you to call to-morrow. The fact is, my mother and I are uneasy about her. You are an old friend, Mr. Eastlake, and I feel I can confide in you. Monsieur de la Feste has long wished to marry Zoe, and we had persuaded her at last to consent to receive him to-morrow and give him a definite answer. Your coming seemed providential. We may count on you not to——” she hesitated——“not to encourage any sentimental recollections about Mr. Hamilton?”

I bowed. “To-morrow, then, at three,” she said, and I took my leave.

I made a point of getting introduced to the Count de la Feste that evening and asking him about Revell Hamilton. He was a rich young Frenchman, gay, careless, arrogant.

“Ah, yes; sad affair that!” he said, light-heartedly. “His pony circled back and broke his neck. It was at Poona.”

“I thought the 5th Hussars were at Abbotabad,” I remarked.

The Count reflected. “The deuce, they were!” he answered. “I have been mixing young Hamilton up with Hawtrey of the 9th Lancers. Hamilton was shot—that was it. One of those frontier skirmishes. He was foolhardy, poor chap; rode down into the midst of a lot of Pathans and they picked him off.”

I could get nothing more out of him, and I could see he was elated at the prospect of his interview with Zoe.

There was no one in the drawing-room when I presented myself at “Los Angeles” at three the next day. Presently Zoe glided in alone, and I was startled not only at her beauty, but at the change in her. She looked as though she belonged to another world. The brilliance of her eyes and the gleam of her sunny hair were the only touches of colour about her, for her face was like alabaster, and even the scarlet of her lips had faded. She was all in black, and in the billows of lace on her breast I noticed the little lace handkerchief—how it brought back Hamilton to me!—tucked in. The touch of her hand was feverish, and I ventured to retain it in mine while I answered her greeting.

“Your friend,” she said, “is it true that he was killed at polo?”

I told her that this seemed to have been a mistake; he had died a soldier’s death defending our borders in India.

“When did you last hear from him?” she asked.

“We did not correspond,” I answered her. “Revell was never a good hand at writing letters; it was not his way.”

She was looking out of the window, her mind and thoughts far from me, I could see, and her listless hand still resting passively in mine.

“He was true,” she murmured to herself; “he would never have broken his word. ‘I shall come back for Zoe,’ he said.”

“We must all break our word when Death steps in,” I said, quietly.

“No doubt, he meant to come. But he would have wished you to be happy and to forget him, I am sure.”

“It is impossible,” she said.

“Surely,” I urged, “you could find some happiness in making someone else happy. There are many who love you. This Monsieur de la Feste——” She interrupted me dreamily, “He is coming to-day for his answer; it will be ‘No.’”

There was a sound of approaching footsteps and a stir down below in the courtyard. Zoe snatched her hand from me and put it to her heart; a wild light sprang into her eyes—she looked distraught. I feared that her dread of the Count had unhinged her mind.

Then she ran to the door, and, as it opened, fell fainting into the arms of the man who, entering, caught her with passionate eagerness.

“I have come back for you, Zoe,” he said, triumphantly.

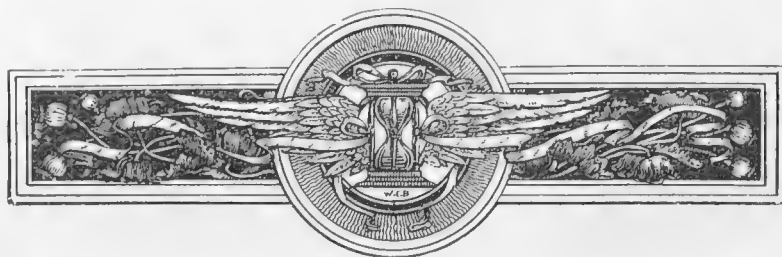
And it was Revell Hamilton!

“My dear old stick-in-the-mud,” he said; “you don’t suppose I should go and get potted by those beggars when I was counting the days until my leave to get back to her. They sniped me once—a mere flesh-wound—and our friend the Count made the most of it.”

“You got back in the very nick of time,” I observed. “You are a lucky fellow, ‘Hammy’!”

“I am the luckiest man in the world to get her,” he assented; “but it was bound to be, you know. I said I would come back and she said she would wait. The thing was settled.”

“Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre,” I murmured.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



LAST week I foreshadowed an imminent revival of dramas taken from Dickens. I mentioned, just to go on with, a few new adaptations of "Oliver Twist," including the one which Mr. Comyns Carr is preparing for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I have now to state, "from information received," that the "Dickens, Limited," Syndicate which I then attempted to indicate now bids fair to grow into an association which really ought to be called "Dickens, Unlimited."

In proof of this sudden increase in the new booming of the lately decried Dickens, I have but to state the following facts which have been given to me officially. In the first place, Mr. Wilson Barrett has, I learn, decided to play either Dan'l or Ham Peggotty in a new dramatisation by himself of "David Copperfield." My friend Barrett has from his youth (when I first struck him playing in his version of "East Lynne" at the Surrey) up to the present time proved himself so skilful an adapter and constructor that I feel sure he will give us quite a strong and "well-considered" dramatisation of the story which many still regard as Dickens's best, although Dickens himself did not always think so. But even Mr. Barrett, although the most adroit and alert of adapters, will have a high trial to beat the one strong and satisfactory Dickens dramatisation of the scores I have seen in my time, namely, the late Andrew Halliday's "Little Em'ly," which I saw on its first-night at the Olympic in 1869, with Miss Winifred Emery's father, Samuel, as Dan'l Peggotty; Joe Irving, a fine comedian (but no relation to Sir Henry), as Uriah Heep; that still able and artistic actress, Miss Fanny Addison, as Rosa Dartle; and Mr. Charles Warner, who is now making such a "hit" in "A Snug Little Kingdom" at the Royalty, as Steerforth. This character was the first in which the then young Charles Warner made a striking histrionic success. And, notwithstanding Mr. Warner's many later successes, I have never found him more artistic than as James Steerforth.

As for "Sam" Emery, he, with all his—well, say eccentricities, was one of the finest exponents of Dickens characters ever seen from the days of Dickens himself, who, in my recollection, often paid Emery high tributes of praise. Surviving playgoers of my own age (never mind what that age is) will remember—nay, I defy them ever to forget—such realistic and widely contrasted Dickens impersonations as "Sam" Emery's Jonas Chuzzlewit, John Peerybingle, Dan'l Peggotty, Boffin, and Captain Cuttle—to name no others.

Another great Dickens impersonator whom I have seen from, say, 1868 onwards, is poor Emery's old-time friend and colleague, the then Mr. Henry Irving. It was, as I have good reason to remember, when Irving was playing "heavy lead," and was (for a small extra sum per week) "stage-manager" of the now defunct Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, that he played with great success Bill Sikes to the Oliver Twist of Miss Henrietta Hodson (now Mrs. Labouchere), the Nancy of poor little Nellie Moore, the Bumble of Lionel Brough, and the Artful Dodger of my (and everybody's) dear old friend, John L. Toole.

Irving, then looking (off the stage) exactly like his clever son, "H. B." (who wasn't born till a couple of years later), looks now,

not only proved himself a terribly realistic Bill Sikes, but ere long, at the same theatre, and, later, around the suburbs, he presented quite a heart-searching impersonation of the rough but noble-hearted John Peerybingle in a dramatisation of "The Cricket on the Hearth," to Toole's Caleb Plummer and Lionel Brough's Tilly Slowboy. Irving's next best Dickens character (after touring with Toole) was his Jingle in poor James Albery's adaptation of "Pickwick."

As to other Dickens adaptations, I may tell you that the Management of the Grand Theatre, Islington, has just decided to try a newly adapted Dickens story or two. The Management has secured for its first effort in this connection an adaptation of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

And now, leaving Dickens adaptations for the nonce, I may, perhaps, mention that I learn of the imminence of certain new dramatisations of "Rob Roy" (one to be tried, I hear, at Mr. Penley's theatre), two or three other "Lorna Doone" plays (none of which dramatisations ever seem to come out in "regular" form), another two or three Robert Burns plays, and even several more dramatisations of "The Cloister and the Hearth." One of the strongest plays I have ever heard of as regard's Reade's great novel was one prepared a good while ago by Mr. Henry Hamilton.

Mr. George Alexander will, he tells me, keep the scene of his next St. James's production, namely, "Alt-Heidelberg," in its native Germany. I am glad of this, for I feel sure that any transposition or "localism" of the scenes and business would tend to destroy the atmosphere of the original. But, in this case, as in the case of Mr. Tree's forthcoming play, "Resurrection," there are sundry other dramatisations to be found round about. Indeed, "Alt-Heidelberg" has already been adapted very often for the American and provincial stages.

And now I hear, forsooth, that Mr. Michael Morton, part-dramatiser of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," is already preparing a dramatisation of "The Sorrows of Werther." I wish him well of it. The only time I knew of a play based upon "The Sorrows of Werther" succeeding was when some audacious young playwright—I fancy it was the son of the late Benjamin Webster—wrote a farce called "A Blighted Being." As a matter of fact, "The Sorrows of Werther" are only to be treated in burlesque form.

THE GODS DEPART.

(The alterations to the Criterion Theatre include the abolition of the gallery.)

The gallery gone? To some of us
'Tis strange to see a playhouse thus
Attain no more its highest level;
And yet, perhaps, it was not fair
To let the lower classes there
Above the upper circle revel.

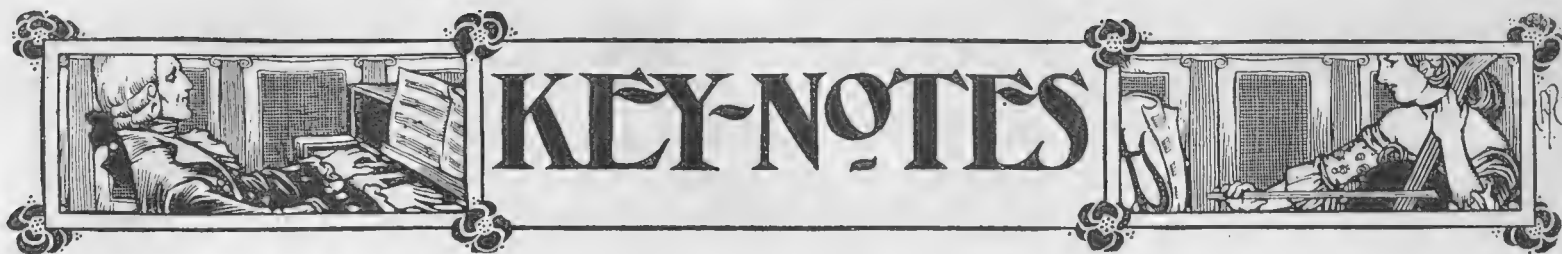
The gallery gone? It makes me sigh,
Remembering how in days gone by
I've seen it filled with folks ecstatic
Who oft with tears or laughter shook,
The while they sat at gaze, and took
The loftiest views of things dramatic.

The gallery gone? Ah, yet be slow,
And make this new example no
Criterion in other cases,
Or else the unco guidly kind
May justly tell us that they find
Our theatres are godless places!—A.



MISS DOROTHY CRASKE AS "THE MAN ABOUT TOWN" IN
"THE MILLINER DUCHESS," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.



KEY-NOTES

MISS EDITH ROBINSON gave the first of three Historical Violin Recitals on Tuesday of last week, in which she proved herself to be quite an exceptional and remarkable player. She has a feeling for true sentiment in music, and she is tuneful in the best sense of the word—that is to say, if one may go nearly to the borderline of punning, she is never out of tune. In some things, indeed, she was excellent in the most artistic sense of the word. In Corelli's Sonata in D Major, with which she included the somewhat absurd

Cadenza by Hellmesberger, she was quite admirable. She realised the sentiment of the Eighteenth Century in a quite peculiarly artistic fashion; the Eighteenth Century was scarcely broad in its musical ideas—the diatonic and the minor scales, treated with great simplicity, were enough for its purpose; and to good purpose did the artists of that generation put the means at their disposal. The ulterior discussion of such a point would lead us too far at the present moment; but Miss Robinson may be commended as an artist who knows her work thoroughly, and who endeavours to realise it, with a genuine desire to express her own temperament.

Brahms's Second Symphony (in D Major) is a work which contains peculiarly suggestive qualities to men when, in the graphic

exceedingly virtuous. Sir Frederick Bridge is in his way an ideal conductor; that is to say, he knows precisely how at every moment to draw his singers and his orchestral players into the making of the right emphasis. His quickness, his alertness, his extraordinary genius for knowing the moment when interference is necessary, make him absolutely a stranger to the indolence which too often characterises modern feeling for musical interpretation. "Hiawatha" is, it may be repeated at once, a work of singular and peculiar beauty. It is monotonous almost as a matter of course—we all know that; its scheme is based upon a somewhat narrow path. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor rarely in his working-out ventures upon outside issues, and never attempts feats that might be, if he followed his libretto to the depths of its meaning, unintelligible. His rhythm, it is true, is very insistent and is accompanied by a sense of melody that quite enchants the ear in precisely the spirit in which the composer intended that the ear should be enchanted. The phrase, perhaps, sounds a little old-fashioned; but it must always be remembered that our fathers thought before us, and that such words as "early English" or "middle Victorian" have no more real meaning than is conveyed in such a phrase as "Horatian Latin."

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Elise Joran is a young pianist who has already made a name for herself in the musical world, for she has toured with Madame Patti and has been heard on various occasions at the Queen's and St. James's Halls. Her Orchestral Concert at the latter hall last Wednesday drew a large and appreciative audience, who were delighted by her rendering of Beethoven's Concerto in G and the Moszkowski Concerto in E. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Pauline Joran (the Baroness de Bush), whose singing of Mr. Landon Ronald's "Cycle of Four Love Songs" was one of the most agreeable features of the occasion.

Herr Paul Grümmer, the German 'cellist, bids fair to become a favourite with English lovers of music. Though he has been in England only a few weeks, he has established himself as a musician of rare accomplishment and has had the honour of playing before the King and Queen at Windsor. It is confidently predicted that he will be one of the "lions" of the coming Season and he is already booked for a tour of forty concerts.



MISS ELISE JORAN.

Photograph by Clintdinst, Washington.

language of the Bible, "the light is beginning to burn low." It is perfectly possible for a man to understand the attitude of a "friendly critic" who utterly dislikes and rejects the inspiration and the fulfilment which are embodied in that Symphony. After all, it is perfectly certain that art must appeal to one just as the mood takes the brain for the moment in question. The great artists are those who have so many moods and who appeal so differently from hour to hour that, in the long run, man and man will assemble together and will definitely say that here went a great art-creator. In that legend lie both the popularity and unpopularity of Brahms; his line is so definite, his accomplishment for the moment is so complete, that that part of the audience which receives him with joy and with unmitigated applause cannot understand the aloofness of the remaining portion of the audience which hears coldly and applauds not at all.

Yet surely the Second Symphony is a ground upon which all critics, all lovers of art, should meet; it has more of the essential spirit within it that inspired Beethoven when he wrote the Seventh Symphony than any work which has since been composed, and it escapes in a definite way from the limits of academic thought. Mr. Henry Wood conducted at the Queen's Hall a wonderfully fine interpretation of the Symphony under discussion. With an ordinary orchestra, it would be extremely difficult to give a fine account of a work written upon this scale, and the result usually means that the work rather than the orchestra is abused; Mr. Wood, however, has so fine an instrument upon which to play that in the long run whatever is good in musical art that he undertakes to interpret is bound to be made good in the reading of it.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" may now be considered to have become a classic. Its special and individual beauties have been recognised quickly by the public that flocks to the Albert Hall for performances of "The Messiah," "Elijah," and all the good old-fashioned Oratorios that have helped to make the world feel



HERR PAUL GRÜMMER.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.



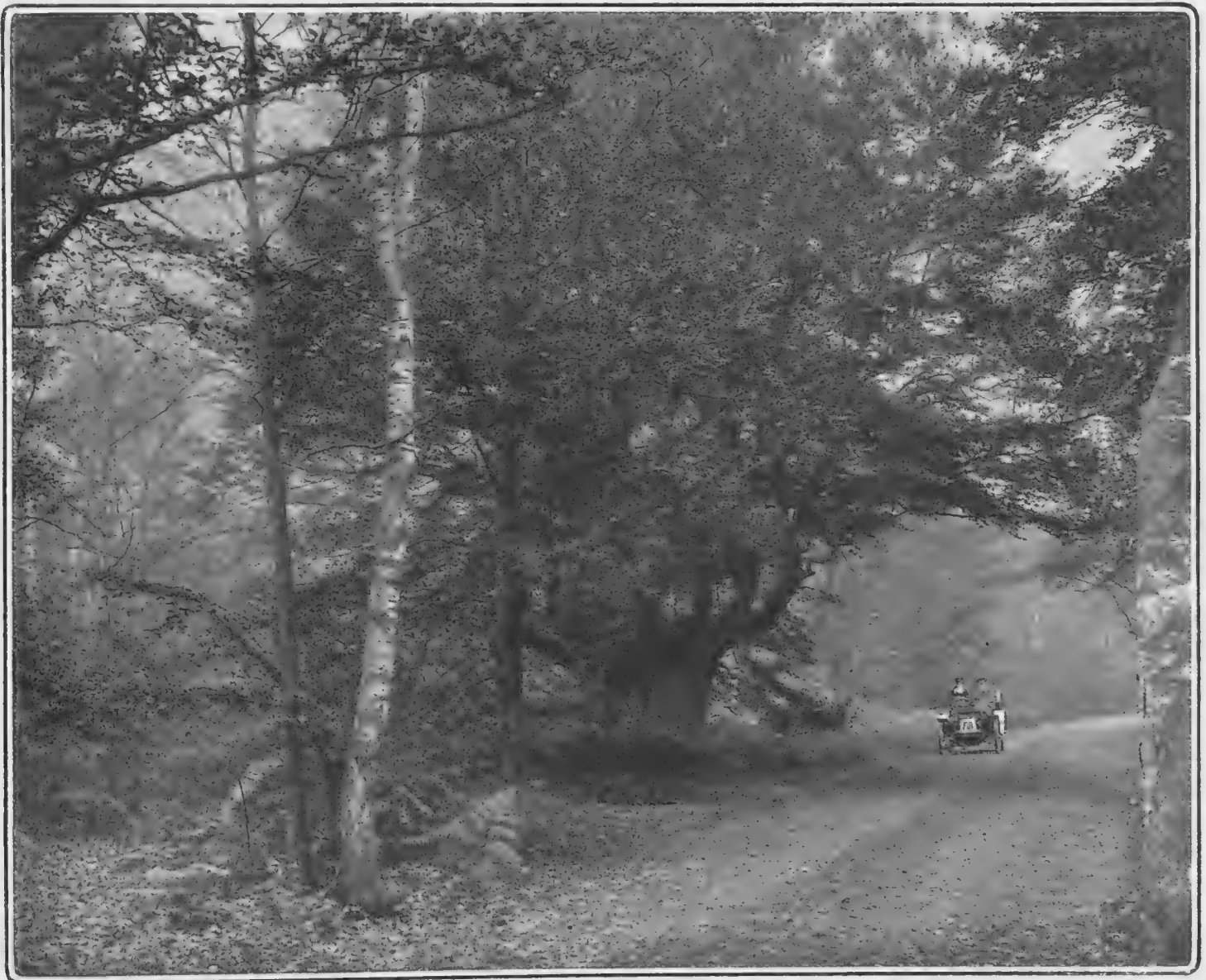
Goggles and Wind-pressure—The Gordon Bennett Race—Headgear for Ladies.

IN driving on an automobile in sharp weather, particular care should be taken to preserve the eyes from the impact of the cold air as the car speeds over the road. Passengers taking a drive for the first time require to be warned as to this whenever there is a possibility of exceeding a speed of fifteen miles per hour. Up to that rate, if the air is still, it beats upon the face with a pressure equal to what Molesworth characterises as a "pleasant breeze," while twenty to twenty-five miles per hour means a "brisk gale," thirty to thirty-five a "high wind," and forty to forty-five a "very high wind." Now, twenty miles per hour is a very ordinary speed in the open country, so that, when only driving through a calm, you encounter the pressure above given, while if progress is being made into the eye of the wind, say a gentle or pleasant breeze, the rush of air against the face is all the greater. Experience alone will convince the uninitiated of this, and ladies in particular require that so great a cause of neuralgia, in addition to rendering the eyes red, bloodshot, and altogether unsightly, should be pointed out to them. However disfiguring they may regard them, the fair sex, if they would preserve the brilliancy of one of the—if not the—chief features of the face, should protect them with good goggles. These should be made draught-proof by means of chenille edges, but, at the same time, the cases holding the lenses should be perforated above and below, as, the best oculists tell us, it is harmful to close the eye against all ventilation.

At the present time it is more than difficult to write on the subject of automobilism without making some reference to the Gordon Bennett race and the probability of that momentous event being held in Ireland. Wherever automobilists congregate, there will the subject be found the leading topic of discussion. Consequently I may be excused from again drawing attention to the competition which—if a

rightful view of the bearings of the whole question, industrial as well as sportive, is taken by Parliament—in all probability will be held in Ireland on July 9 next. The Automobile Club Secretary is again in Ireland on a consultative mission to the County Councils of Antrim and Down and the Corporation of Belfast and other local bodies, with a view of securing their co-operation. It is said, with what truth I know not, that, if the Legislature should turn its face against the race being held in Ireland, it could still be held if the County and other Councils affected agreed to declare the roads required closed to public traffic for repairs upon the date above named.

The subject of ladies' headgear is one that a "mere man" must approach with more than trepidation. Indeed, the contemplation of advising upon so incomprehensible and complex a subject is almost sufficient to set up heart-vibration akin to that of the early, ungoverned, single-cylinder engines employed for car propulsion. Nevertheless, as a car-owner's pleasure in driving ladies upon his car consists in the conviction that they enjoy their ride, that pleasure must be lacking if he sees them turn out in unsuitable headgear. In another note some remarks will be found upon wind-pressures and the wearing of goggles, and what is there said with regard to the pressure of air caused by driving rapidly should be carefully considered by ladies who are contemplating what I believe are known as "picture hats." These are altogether undesirable for motoring, and yet how often one sees them, and sorrowfully notes the mind-agony of the fair wearer as to the condition of the adorning feathers, &c., at the end of the journey. A lady who petrolises every day tells me that the best wear is a small fur toque in the winter and a straw in the summer, worn with a veil consisting of a yard and a half of chiffon, grey for choice, secured round the neck and fastened under the chin.



MOTORISTS AT BURNHAM BEECHES.



Jockeys—Grants—The Spring Handicaps.

I THINK the time has arrived when jockeys, English and American, should be made to work for a living wage. It is preposterous that men who began life in cleaning out the stables should be able to entertain at the swagger London hotels, drive their own motor-cars, and stake hundreds at the card-table. Only last

local interest, but it is an exceedingly popular fixture with the "Tykes," who, by-the-bye, ought to be able to make it a success.

The Handicappers are to be congratulated on the splendid acceptance received for the majority of the Spring Handicaps. I predict a lively flat-racing season, and the winners may be most difficult to find. If Mr. Sievier decides to start Sceptre for the Lincoln Handicap, I shall elect to stand or fall by her, and only in Sceptre's absence should I suggest the chance of Minstead. I see Sir Blundell Maple is relying solely on Nabot, who may not run so well at Lincoln as he did for the Cambridgeshire. If only a moiety of the fifty-nine horses left in for the Grand National go to the post, the race will be worth watching. His Majesty has left Ambush II. in the race, and I hope he will be fit and well on the day. If he is, the Royal colours should be carried to advantage. I am told Kirkland and Kilmallog are a dangerous couple. Both have decent book-form. The Liverpool Spring Cup appears to me to be a gift for Bachelor's Button if he is wound-up by the day of the race. Pekin is supposed to be a good thing for the City and Suburban. He was made favourite for last year's Derby, but cut up badly. He won a race over the course as a two-year-old. By-the-bye, Acefull, the American crack, has accepted. I do not think Huggins will get him to his liking in time for this race. The Great Metropolitan looks a fairly good thing for Parody, who is useful when at his best. There should be a capital race at Kempton Park on Easter Monday for the Queen's Prize. Darling, I take it, holds the key to the situation, and the Beckhampston best should take a lot of beating. I think the pick of his lot will be Maori Chieftain, who did not run anything like up to his best form for the Manchester November Handicap.

CAPTAIN COE.

FESTIVITIES AT MENTMORE.

The coming of age of Lord Dalmeny and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild has been celebrated in many ways, and that particular portion of Bucks in which Mentmore is situated has been the scene of an almost continuous round of festivities. On Thursday, the 29th ult., Lord Rosebery was at home to the followers of the Rothschild Staghounds, and a largely attended meet, under the Mastership of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., was held at Mentmore. Lord Rosebery, Lord Dalmeny, the Hon. Neil and Lady Sybil Primrose, Mr. Leopold and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild were present, and the house-party at Mentmore included the Right Hon. Henry and Miss Chaplin, Lord and Lady Lurgan, Countess and Lady Alexandra Carrington, Lady Edith Villiers, Viscount and Lady Alexandra Acheson, Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes, Lord Hyde, Lord Francis Scott, Captain Brinton, and others. In the evening a ball was held at Mentmore Towers, to which members of the principal county families had been invited.



SALMON-FISHING ON THE RIVER DEE: A FINE CATCH.

autumn, a legal gentleman of high position said to me, in referring to the chances of a certain horse for a big handicap, "The animal has an unbeatable chance, but he will be ridden by So-and-So, who is very rich and does just as he likes." It would be highly interesting to know how some of our rich jockeys came by their money. Was it by "doing as they liked"? I, for one, think apprentices are given the allowance for too long a period, and I would restrict the allowance to their first twenty winners. On the other hand, I think the allowance has done a lot of good to the Turf in checking the little games of many of the older jockeys.

The Jockey Club have of their charity awarded three hundred pounds each to the Lewes, Northampton, and Ripon Meetings. Personally, I like all these meetings, and I need scarcely add that plenty of enterprise is displayed in their management, but facts are stubborn things. It cannot be denied, for instance, that there is in connection with the Lewes Meeting one of the most exclusive Clubs in the country. I refer to the Southdown Club, which, for instance, kept Sir Blundell Maple outside its portals for years. I suggest that the Club be thrown open to the members of all other respectable Racing Clubs. There is now plenty of room on the Lawn and the stand accommodation is perfect. With reference to the Northampton Meeting, the course is really beyond repair, and I think the track should be allowed to go to seed and a fresh one be chosen in the near neighbourhood of the boot town. The Ripon Meeting is only of



LORD ROSEBERY ENTERTAINS THE ROTHSCHILD HUNT AT MENTMORE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE growth of luxury amongst all classes—including, perhaps, the police-escorted "unemployed" who at the moment parade our principal thoroughfares—finds its chiefest expression in artistic surroundings nowadays. Dock-men may be turned in hundreds from the gates, and all the other "white slaves of England" may hunger and fall by the way, but satiety goes on inventing new wants



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL INDOOR GOWN?

and administering to their æsthetic demands day by day "up West," as they of Nether London call it. It is a curious sea of heights and hollows this that our gay ship of State sails inconsequently over, peaks of terrestrial Paradise and deepest depths of human hells in quick succession; sentiments of patriotic Imperialism from the well-fed, well-dressed, and well-bestowed on one side, Socialism and disaffection from the starving and houseless on the other. Things reached this stage in France, by the way, a hundred years ago, before the people woke up to their own uncontrollable strength. Are events forming up to a crisis in opulent, highly civilised Britain to-day, or is there no way out of the appalling contrasts of this city but the temporary relief afforded by the benevolence of an overtaxed public when frantic poverty rattles the now familiar cigar-box in its face?

It was not, however, to confront the social problems of this year of grace that I drew the ink-bottle towards me, but rather with an idea of some dalliance amongst those domesticated art-treasures with which prosperous men and women variously love to surround themselves nowadays. The sight of some hundreds of forlorn scarecrows in melancholy procession along Pall Mall clashed, though, with the consciousness of a luncheon which had just cost thirty shillings a-head, though, I dare swear, not one other of our jovial half-dozen felt the cruel comedy of it all. Alack-a-day! some shall still go on living within brocaded walls though the flotsam down East lie in rotting tenements, and who is to set things straight? Not the potent personages of the State, who can only think and act in red tape, nor the civic functionaries who are so well-intentioned and consume so many excellent annual

dinners in the cause of good-fellowship and charitable sentiments, nor the great Corporations and Companies who are obliged to get rid of some superfluous coinage on ladies' evenings by providing costly bonbon-boxes for the womenkind of guests and members. How, indeed, is the pent-up money of London to reach its poor? Will the Chancellor of the Exchequer ask himself that little conundrum one day, and some of the other great people who might be concerned in solving it, if they had time on one hand or the great unwashed began to stir in its sleep on the other?

Surely another most deserving cause is that of the Reservist, whose daily bread has become so problematical a quantity since the War used him and left him. To meet many urgent needs, a Grand Ball has been arranged to take place at the Wharnclyffe Rooms of the Great Central Hotel on the 20th inst. The Lord Mayor and General Ian Hamilton are on a strong Committee list, and tickets can be had of the Secretary, Great Central Hotel, which cost one guinea, and include a Champagne Supper. The path of benevolence may therefore, in all truth, be described as a flowery one which at one blow, or, more strictly, one guinea, alleviates some fellow-creature's dire distress and, at the same time, provides a very full evening's enjoyment to the dispenser thereof.

Now that the hurly-burly of the sales has been cleared away and done with, shops and salons, as fashionable dressmakers love to call their rooms, are devoted to the unveiling of spring fashions; straw and mousseline millinery makes its *rentrée*, in which, however, there is, so far, absolutely nothing new, and some very pretty flannels in bright tones are being exploited for spring blouses and house-gowns.

Peter Robinson shows a seductive series of these latter, two or three of which are worth noting. One twill-flannel in sand-green



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-DRESS FOR THE EARLY SPRING.

with white ring-spots has borderings of pink rosebuds and foliage; a bright crimson flannel with black-and-white ring-spots shows a two inch wide edging of blue flowers in "L'Art Nouveau" device.

White flannels with mauve convolvuli borderings and dark-blue with red bachelor-button trails are also quite picturesque. For either blouses or little indoor frocks these novelties are charming.

Besides the sartorial furbishing-up of this season, our houses are mostly treated to their annual or bi-annual clean faces too, and already the white-bloused painter soars aloft in the murky Metropolitan ether, amidst forests of house-builders' ladders. Inside, the momentous moment of spring-cleaning is ordered, the drawing-room is, for the hundredth time, re-arranged, and perhaps a Sheraton table or an Empire chair, or some treasure-trove from one or the other "periods" in which we all go so learned, is added to our domestic collection.

I have been reading a most agreeably worded book on this everlasting subject of antiques, by the way, which calls itself "Art Treasures" and has been compiled by W. Wedgwood and J. H. Gill, of the firm of Gill and Reigate, Oxford Street. Furniture in all its known phases is pleasantly and chattily reviewed, from Jacobean times of oak settles and dower-chests and tapestry to Queen Anne's walnut, somewhat rococo carving and homely outline, onward to good Thomas Chippendale, with his delicate fancies and wonderful conjuring in wood, past Hepplewhite, who flourished in 1789, the Adams and Sheraton, down to our own somewhat undecided though ambitious Renaissance, which is even now in its birth-pangs. The Louis, with all their works and pomps, are also taken in hand, and, in fact, Messrs. Wedgwood and Gill have given a very neat dissertation which should prove interesting to many a young housewife yearning after art in every fibre of her being and spare pound of her income.

I have had one or two letters asking where subscriptions can be sent for the starving sardine-fishers in Brittany, and find the Maritime Prefect at Brest forwards all sums, which are most judiciously expended, to poor sufferers at St. Pierre, Molène, Ushant, and the other villages. The Rev. Baring-Gould once again appeals for further help for these unfortunate, hard-working folk, who, we must not forget, behaved so splendidly when the English ship went ashore on their coast a few years ago and the stranger dead were so tenderly treated by those poor men and women who now cry out to us for food to save them from perishing.

SYBIL.

"THE PIRATES" AT MARGATE.

AS a general rule, an amateur theatrical performance is calculated to arouse enthusiasm only amongst the staff of the local paper and the relatives of the performers, but the production of the popular Savoy opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," at Margate proved a noteworthy exception.

For the last three nights of last week a local Operatic Company, assisted by two ladies of the Savoy Theatre, occupied the stage of the Grand Theatre, Margate, with the laudable object of helping three town charities, and alike from a musical and dramatic point of view the performance more than justified the efforts of the Company, and it is not too much to say that the chorus of Major-General Stanley's daughters and of the pirates and policemen sang and acted with a charm and precision rarely found outside the profession. The principal parts, in amateur hands, did not quite attain the same general excellence. Miss Florence Easton, of the Savoy, gave a charming performance as Mabel, while Miss Beatrice Grosvenor, of D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company, was adequate as the Pirate Maid-of-all-Work. Mr. S. Palmer, as the Pirate King, and Mr. Macfarlane, as Frederick, the Pirate's Apprentice, found the parts a little too much for their voices, if not for their acting powers; but Mr. Finch, directly he gained confidence, sang distinctly and well as Major-General Stanley.

In "The Pirates of Penzance," Mr. Walter Passmore had less chance than in any of the later Savoy productions, and it was

therefore, perhaps, less difficult to find a substitute for him. The fact remains that, once the strangeness which a difference of stature must have produced in the minds of all who had seen the London production had worn off, nothing but praise could be given to Mr. Boyland's rendering of the comic Sergeant of Police.

A word of praise is due to the orchestra for its excellent work under the direction of Mr. A. P. Howells, to the staging, and to the dresses—both night and day—worn by the General's daughters. Taken as a whole, the performance must be pronounced a complete success, and that the audience held the same opinion was evident not only by the full houses, but by the generally expressed desire that the performances of the opera should not be limited to three.

THE GUARDS' PRIVILEGES.

IT is stated, I see (writes "The Clubman"), that the whole question of the privileges of the Guards is to be considered as a sequel to the various

"ragging" escapades on the part of the subalterns, the latest of which has brought about the placing on half-pay of Colonel Kinloch, under circumstances of which more will be heard in his favour, and the resignation of a young officer. Some of their "privileges" the Guards hold as being the Household Troops; others, such as the fact that very few of the Guards' officers live in barracks and that the Guards' Club takes the place of a Mess, are primarily due to the lack of accommodation for officers in the London barracks. The mounted regiments at Hyde and Regent's Parks have very fair rooms and Messes for the officers. I think that in this matter the reformers may find themselves upon very difficult ground.



LIEUT.-COLONEL D. A. KINLOCH, C.B., M.V.O.

Photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.

In these days, when the constituents of the cheaper brands of whisky and of ales and stout are causing so much discussion and misgiving, it is comforting to hear of a liquor one may drink with unalloyed pleasure. The Imperial Stout sent out by Messrs. A. Le Coq and Co., of 25, Orange Street, S.E., has been analysed, and the *Lancet* gives a highly favourable account of its qualities. It says: "Stout has a reputation of being a very nourishing malt liquor, and in this regard this specimen must be assigned a high position, since its analysis shows a very considerable proportion of nutritives."



AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" AT MARGATE: THE PRINCIPALS, CHORUS, AND MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Photograph by A. Fair, Margate.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 24.

MARKET GOSSIP.

NOW that the Railway dividends are all out, the market will begin to take stock of the future prospects, and, as the subject is too large for a casual reference, we will have our say upon it in a separate Note. On the whole, the markets have been very fair all round, and, but for the continued complaint of the scarcity of business from the general public, as distinguished from the professional speculator, there would be no reason for fault-finding.

Many persons who are supposed to get special information have for weeks been buying Welsbach Preference stock, and, on the slight setback which the circular has produced, several long-headed men of our acquaintance have taken the opportunity of adding to their holdings. We can only give the tip for what it is worth, but we know the people who are buyers do not, as a rule, throw their money away.

The directors of the Gas Light and Coke Company will have to pause and consider their ways as the result of the meeting on the 6th inst., for it must be evident, to the most self-satisfied of the Board, that the proprietors are inclined to try the effect of a little new blood, coupled with a more conciliatory attitude towards the London County Council and other public bodies. The days of crusted Toryism and talk about "the monstrous pretensions of Municipalities" is past and gone, and there is a general feeling that Sir James Livesey was in the main right in the criticisms which he passed on the Management and its Parliamentary tactics. The Board will have to accept more up-to-date ideas, or the feeling manifested at the meeting will get too strong for it to control. With a reform in the management, the stock would easily see par again.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

How one can find echoes in a Stock Exchange which is, comparatively speaking, noiseless, might at first sight appear to be a matter of some difficulty, but, having regard to what the professional journalist calls the numerous side-issues, it is possible that there may be a few points of interest still left to touch upon in our uninteresting House. Business is, perhaps, duller than it is even in the hottest days of summer, and, were it not that the House is beautifully warmed by our own pipes, I think existence would become altogether unbearable. You stroll up to the office at eleven o'clock in the morning—eleven o'clock more or less, that is—glance at your correspondence, just to see that there are no orders contained therein. You stroll round the House for a quarter-of-an-hour, after which there is nothing to do for another two hours except have lunch and play a game of billiards at the Club; and when you come back, there is, of course, the usual mass of correspondence to attend to which always springs up when there is nothing else to do, after which you go home, having possibly made, if you are a broker, twenty-five shillings, or, if you are a jobber, having lost twice as much as the net result, possibly, of three deals during the day. Now, if you don't call that an unenviable existence, you have my sincere sympathy, although, if you were a member of the House, you would prefer orders to pity.

It is certainly true that a good many people are refraining from making purchases in the Stock Markets, in order that their capital may be unemployed when the great Transvaal Loan comes along. By the way, as we have already a National War Loan, why should not the coming issue be officially called the "National Peace Loan"? Instead of the tickets and receipts being printed on khaki-colour, as are those of the War Loan, the necessary forms might be of dazzling whiteness, with olive-branches trailing round and doves in the four corners. Any further suggestions on this point might be made to the Bank of England. It seems to me that we shall probably have Consols better before long, as I have said before. There is no doubt that every precaution will be taken in order to secure a rapturous welcome to the Transvaal Loan. Thousands of applicants will be disappointed through getting smaller allotments than they hoped for, and of the money thus let loose a fair part will find its way into Consols and that class of thing. In fact, I am inclined to think that the issue of this Loan may prove a turning-point in regard to the Home Railway Market, but, as my City Editor tells me he has already dealt with this subject in another part of the paper, I will remain silent on this point. If our views happen to differ, it would be so uncomfortable for him. However, I may just add, for the consolation of those holding the heavy stocks at much higher prices, that my own view is that we shall see them all better before the end of the year.

Not many members of the Stock Exchange can boast of sixty years' connection with the House, but such is the record of the well-known and most respected dealer whose picture appears in *The Sketch* City pages this week. He has been a member for a full forty years, and for half as long again he traces his career in the Stock Exchange. He can tell you better almost than any man of the wonderful changes which have taken place in the structural conditions and what the House looked like when it was only a quarter of its present size. He can remember the time when the entrance-fees used to be about five guineas instead of five hundred, and the various Stock Exchange crises which he has witnessed would in themselves be sufficient to fill one or two books. One of the best amateur actors to be found in the House, he has played at least a hundred other parts in addition to his own. There are few more popular or better-known men at the present day, and, although the Stock Exchange rules against advertising render it necessary for one to be very chary in mentioning names, such a mention will be quite unnecessary to most members of the present generation.

Those who do not mind a speculative investment which combines a certain amount of risk with a good chance of rise in capital value should keep their eye on

Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary. Of course, the price has risen heavily for some time past, and there are many good folks who absolutely decline to look at a stock if it is ten points above the lowest touched in the previous year, but I don't think there is much risk in buying for a further jump of at least five per cent. With the removal of the restriction upon cattle importation—that removal which has brought down the price of James Nelson shares so heavily—there must come a considerable measure of new success to the Rosey Company. The traffics will go against comparatively bad ones this time last year, so that it will not do to lean too heavily upon these figures, but all the authorities agree in saying that the line has a splendid immediate future ahead of it, and, as I said before, the stock forms an excellent speculative investment. Several of these Foreign Railway prior stocks, it may be pointed out, are distinctly worth consideration by those who like to sleep on a 4 per cent. investment at about par which shall not give them any distrustfulness when they wake up in the night season. For instance, Buenos Ayres and Pacific 4 per cent. Debenture stock stands about 102, and, while it must be observed that the Ordinary stock has had no dividend since 1900, this First Debenture stock looks quite well enough secured. Only a point higher stands the 4 per cent. Debenture stock of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway, which can be secured at 103, and is an altogether better security, well worth the slight difference in the value. Of course, the lion in this market is the Buenos Ayres Great Southern 4 per cent. First Debenture stock, the price of which is nearly 109. Going further afield, a good stock is Western Railway of Havana 4½ per cent. Debenture at 108½ or 109. The latter is redeemable at the option of the Company at any time at 120 upon six months' notice being given, and if the Company were to be wound up the Debenture stock would be repayable at the same price. The Western Railway of Havana £10 shares stand at 10½, and the Chairman of the Company is Alexander Henderson, M.P., both of which items speak for themselves.

They tell me in the Kaffir Market that Chartered shares are going very much better; in fact, that a rise to four is practically assured. Needless to say, one has heard all this sort of thing before, and those who bought the shares a little while ago, when the *Financial News* took infinite pains to prove that they were worth, I think it was seven or even higher, must be wondering when their oracle's tip is going to work. Personally, I don't believe the shares are likely to see six again, as long as I am alive at all events, but still a mild flutter at the present price would probably result in a profit if only they were held long enough. The shares, if bought, must be regarded as a gamble, because the outlook for the Company is as uncertain as was that which faced the poultry-keeper who, on the advice of a friend, fed his hens on sawdust instead of meal for several weeks. In due course he got the usual proportion of young ones, half of which emerged from the shell with wooden legs, while the others were woodcock. I apologise for the chestnut, but the new stories which one hears on the Stock Exchange are—well—

We eat, we drink, we work, we plod,
We go to church on Sunday,
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy,

and House yarns might not look well on paper, you see.

Some months ago it will be remembered that I referred to an impending flotation, called "Cloverfield," to be brought out under the auspices of the Neumanns. Those who acted on the hint and bought shares in adjoining Companies such as the Geduld and Welgedacht may, if they like, send me 10 per cent. of the profits, or apply a like sum to any other charitable object equally deserving. At the time I write, the Cloverfield shares have not yet made their appearance in the market, although their coming is expected every day. Those who get into them on the ground-floor will, it is unnecessary to say, have a good chance of profit-taking when they are introduced, but, with no figures to guide one in forming a judgment, it is impossible to follow up my previous suggestions with any tip as to Cloverfields themselves. Those, however, who hold Welgedacht and Geduld may safely take the profits which have accrued to them, because, if what I hear is right, the jump in Welgedachts cannot be held up much longer. But the Kaffir Market is so erratic nowadays that the giving of tips is more dangerous than ever, and one of those who cannot see his way in the present darkness which envelops the general market is your devoted admirer,

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

P.S.—Devoted admirer, of course, because you have waded through my letter to its bitter end.

AFTER THE DIVIDENDS.

Those who placed their Home Railway confidence in the dividends to be declared for the final half of 1902 are not a little disgusted at the result of the declarations. It is now obvious enough that the improvement in the dividends has been long since discounted, and the market remains in much the same inanimate condition as it was before the distributions began to be forecast. The announcements have been nearly all made, and there remain only a few meetings and reports, the result of which lies as a doubtful counter on the market's board. It may be taken pretty well for granted, however, that prices are not likely to be greatly affected one way or the other by either meeting or balance-sheet, so that the outlook may be described as subject to no particularly exciting incident, so far as can be foreseen. Therefore, the prophet has a fairly clear vision as he looks over the probable fields in his attempt to indicate a possible course of prices.

LOOKING FORWARD.

In our view, the Home Railway Market should not go much lower—that is to say, so far as the "Heavy" stocks are concerned. The securities yield at the present prices between 3½ and 4 per cent., which is far from being a bad return upon stocks so universally popular as Home Railways are amongst a great body of investors. When the Bank Rate declines and the Transvaal Loan is out, when the stocks are quoted ex dividend, when investment business begins to show signs of returning to the markets, we shall be surprised if Home Rails fail to take a place very near the van of the advance. The growing



"ONE OF THE FATHERS."

Drawn by Edward Jarratt.

suspicion as to the efficiency of the various Boards of Directors has received a check for several reasons—one, the fact that the London and North-Western Company is sending out a deputation to study American methods; another, that Mr. Hanbury's strictures, however indignantly refuted, are not lost upon the right quarters, and so forth and so forth, as they say in the "Water-Babies." Midland stocks we should not touch. North-Eastern, North-Western, and Great Western Ordinary stocks are worth locking up at their present levels, for although it is possible that a little lower prices may be reached, an ultimate recovery is practically assured. Unless, that is to say, investors as a body should for ever hereafter buy houses instead of stocks, and ground-rents in the place of shares.

BREWERIES AND THE FUTURE.

The continued agitation for the reduction of licences cannot be pleasant reading for the holders of this class of security. Not many years ago all sorts of prices were paid for the most miserable premises so long as they carried a licence, and, on the strength of the ruling rates, valuations were obtained and huge blocks of debentures issued, secured by mortgages on the property acquired. The game was a splendid one for the Ordinary shareholder so long as it could be carried on, for he thereby obtained in many cases all the money necessary to purchase houses, and, having tied them to his brewery, had only to pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 per cent. for the accommodation; but if there is going to be all over the country a great reduction in the number of licensed houses—which looks almost certain—what is to become of the security for the money borrowed? Within the next few years the number of licences may well be reduced by 25 per cent., perhaps more, and in every case the value of the house, shorn of its privilege to sell drink, will be reduced to not more than one-quarter of the money paid for it, and the capital value of the property pledged to the debenture-holders will be brought down enormously. It is true that the whole profits of the brewery must be devoted to payment of interest, before the shareholders come in for dividends, and that therefore there is little fear of default; but this is very much like a mortgagee relying on the personal covenant of his mortgagor, which no prudent man is willing to do. The day of reckoning is not yet, but we cannot help pointing out that, in the case of a large number of the Brewery Companies, the debentures are distinctly a wasting security which, unless a considerable change comes over public opinion, may very probably be more depressed in a few years than they are now. The depreciation is already in many cases considerable, and, with ups and downs, it may be expected to go further.

Saturday, Feb. 7, 1903.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEVON.—Confining oneself to Home concerns makes matters difficult. We suggest (1) Whiteley, Limited, 4 per cent. Debentures, (2) National Safe Deposit 6 per cent. Cumulative Pref., (3) Liebig Extract Company Cumulative Pref., (4) Peebles Debentures; or (5) shares of one of the best Banks, such as London and County or London Joint-Stock. In our opinion, you could get better interest and equal security in the best class of Foreign Rails or Investment Companies.

MISS F. B.—We have handed your letter and photograph to the Editor. If the photo had not been so charming it would have gone into the waste-paper basket, as a penalty for your carelessness in not reading the note at the head of this column.

R. G.—Both stocks you name are first-rate and equally safe. The Gas stock bears a fixed rate of interest, provided the profits are enough to pay it, as to which there is no doubt for the present or future, as far as one can see.

RAILS.—To convert into Ordinary at the present price would be folly and like throwing 10 or 12 per cent. out of the window. Wait till the last day of your option and then look at the price of the Ordinary. If it is higher than the Pref., or as high, and the market good, convert; if not, sit tight.

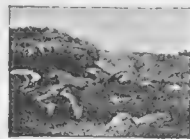
READER.—Our advice is to leave the reconstruction alone and write the money off as a bad debt.

G. N. S.—All your mines are of a good class, but the two last on the list will require development before you get returns. We suggest (1) Johannesburg Consolidated Investment; (2) Langlaagte Estate; (3) Henderson's Transvaal; (4) Rose Deep or Angelo Deep—the latter will not produce for some time. Surely one of the Indian mines should be worth your attention, so as to distribute your risks.

INVESTMENT.—We never answer anonymous letters. See, however, this week's Notes.

FINE-ART PLATES.

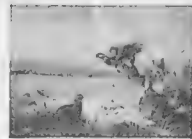
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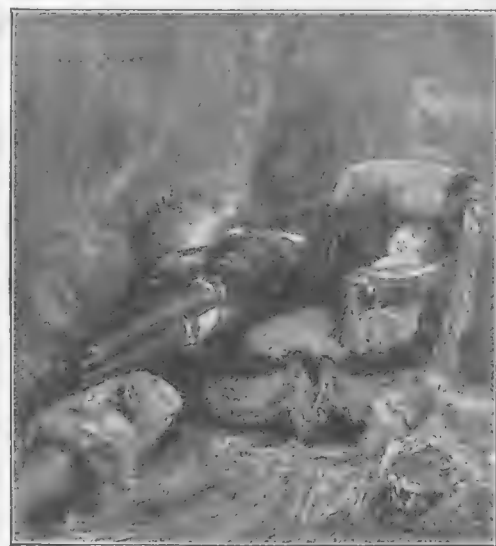
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A SHORT SERMON TO STOUT READERS.

Our Text. Since the first mention in the press of the marvellous successes achieved by the famous "Russell" treatment for the permanent cure of corpulency, we have every reason to know that many hundreds of our stout friends have had recourse to this matchless system of regaining their youthful elegance of figure, together with renewed health, strength, and vitality. Let the almost unhopd-for benefits they have received be the text of our little sermon to others amongst our readers whose stoutness may happen to cause them discomfort and alarm, if not positive ill-health. Amongst the thousands of readers of *The Sketch* there must undoubtedly be many more who are desirous of a return to the symmetry of their earlier years.

A Heaven-sent Blessing. To such as these the "Russell" treatment will come as a heaven-sent blessing; for, once the normal weight and dimensions are brought about by a reasonable course of the "cure," the treatment may be discontinued forthwith, and the patient, with ordinary care and prudence, need be under no fear of a relapse into the corpulent habit. It is this almost absolute certainty of a permanent return to health and natural proportions that has been the cause of the immense success of the treatment discovered by Mr. F. Cecil Russell some two decades ago. This is an indisputable fact, supported by thousands of private letters received from grateful patients who have been permanently benefited by his treatment. Of this overwhelming testimony more anon.

What is the "Russell" Treatment? The "Russell" treatment not only aims at the radical cure of obesity, but is designed to achieve that end in the easiest, pleasantest, and safest way possible. It involves no disagreeable purging and sweating, no exhausting physical exercise, and no arbitrary restrictions as to food and drink, at least, none that are not dictated by mere common sense in the case of any person inclined to undue stoutness. Mr. Russell's sheet-anchor, so to speak, in his treatment is a harmless, purely vegetable, liquid compound, to be taken at stated intervals, until the desired reduction has been completely attained. In his standard work entitled "Corpulency and the Cure,"* the author gives the recipe of this beneficent mixture as proof of its wholly herbal character and of its entire harmlessness.

The Tonic Element in the Treatment. The mixture in question is neither aperient nor constipating, but an admirable tonic which has the very desirable effect of increasing the appetite and aiding digestion, assimilation, and nutrition, with the result that all the while the reduction of fat is going steadily on (that is, is being destroyed and eliminated from the system), the patient, by taking an increased amount of wholesome nourishment, is enriching the blood, and thus increasing muscular strength, nerve strength, brain strength, and gaining in energy, good spirits, and zest for the pleasures of life. Work is no longer physical or mental toil, and outdoor exercise and recreation become once more delightful.

Compare those glorious results with what is usually brought about by the terrible ordeal enjoined by other treatments (so styled), the debilitating and strength-sapping effects of which are often

* A Copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" will be sent under plain sealed envelope to all readers of "The Sketch" who will forward their address, with three penny stamps, to the Author, F. CECIL RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. All Correspondence strictly confidential.

The Vice of other (so-called) Cures. disastrous in the extreme. These old-time methods generally include purging, which is weakening; excessive sweating, which is again weakening; a much-restricted dietary, which is still more weakening—and what is the total result? The subject is reduced in bulk, it is true; but by sheer loss of strength, vitality, energy, nerve and brain power—everything, in fact, that makes life pleasurable; for without health life is indeed burdensome. Herein lies the vital difference between the "Russell" treatment and other methods: the former is a builder-up of muscle, brain, and nerve; the latter are pullers-down of body and mind.

Rate of Fat Reduction. Within twenty-four hours of commencing the "Russell" treatment, the reduction of adipose tissue becomes apparent, as the weighing-machine will show—sometimes half a pound, more frequently from one to two pounds, and in very pronounced cases of obesity still more. This welcome decrease then continues daily in varying proportions until the normal dimensions are reached, when, as before stated, the treatment may be dropped. This is not the case with other methods, for as soon as the latter are abandoned the fat begins to form again; that is, if the patient be not utterly debilitated and "done up" by their cruel wasting effect upon the system. It cannot be too frequently urged that the "Russell" treatment is permanently strengthening as well as permanently fat-reducing.

"Corpulency and the Cure." This is the title of Mr. Russell's *magnum opus*, and crowded into its 256 closely printed pages there is such a mass of information on the causes and the cure of corpulency as may well be regarded as the final word on the subject. The author, after scientifically setting forth the fallacies of other methods of treatment, gives some very interesting statistics relating to the thousands of cases which have passed through his experienced hands. These figures serve to disprove the general conception that obesity is constitutional or hereditary; and also to prove, on the other hand, that the majority of stout persons are not by any means great eaters. "Corpulency and the Cure" contains advice to the corpulent on all matters pertaining to the cure of obesity.

Splendid Testimony. What will be of the greatest interest to our stout friends who peruse "Corpulency and the Cure" is the written experience of some hundreds of patients who have benefited by the "Russell" course. These extracts from private letters are conclusive enough to satisfy the most sceptical. For obvious reasons Mr. Russell omits the names of his patients, but every original letter is carefully filed for reference at Woburn House as proof of *bona fides*. Many of the quotations are headed "one day test," and in these the subjects generally acknowledge a reduction of adipose tissue amounting to two pounds within twenty-four hours of taking the initial steps in the "cure." The patients are all grateful and enthusiastic, as well they might be.

How to obtain the Book. Besides the above-mentioned interesting correspondence, which throws so clear a light upon the remarkable advantages of the "Russell" treatment, there are a great many extracts from the medical and general Press which are unanimous in their praise. To obtain a copy of this standard work our stout friends have but to send their address, with three penny stamps, to the author, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., and they will receive the book by return under private sealed envelope.

Final Words. This, then, is the end of our little sermon, and we conscientiously exhort our corpulent friends to write without delay for their copy of "Corpulency and the Cure," confident as we are that they will gain from its lucidly written pages much information that will be of immense value and interest. Like cleanliness and godliness, healthiness is a means of grace; and as sure as day follows night, the "Russell" treatment brings health in its train, and that feeling of lightness and exhilaration—clean health and a clear brain—from which the "unco' stout" are too often estranged.

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Combines Scientific Simplicity with the highest Efficiency and Absolute Safety. For the cure of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, COLDS, CATARRH, CONGESTIONS, KIDNEY, LIVER, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, OBESITY and STOMACH TROUBLES, no other treatment is so effective. There is hardly a disease that can resist the power of heat. It opens the pores, removes the poisonous impurities, cures chronic diseases, prevents sickness, promotes circulation, clears the complexion, ensures perfect cleanliness, and improves the general health. It is the only Cabinet with which the heater is used OUTSIDE, and is therefore the one

ABSOLUTELY SAFE

Cabinet with which Ladies and Gentlemen can enjoy privately at home the delights and benefits of either hot air, vapour, medicated, or perfumed baths. No assistant is required. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space when not in use.

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Scientific
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HEALTHIEST
SMOKING
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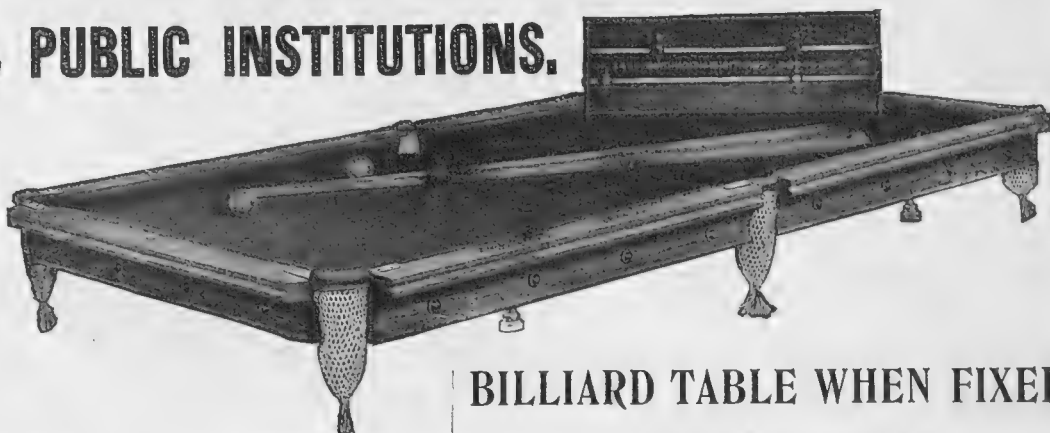
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FOR

PRIVATE HOUSES & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Portable Billiard Tables

NOT A TOY.

Money returned if not
perfectly satisfactory.

DINING & BILLIARD TABLES COMBINED

OUR LATEST NEW BILLIARD
AND
DINING TABLE COMBINED.

The easiest to manipulate of any yet invented. It is so arranged that the Billiard Table can be raised instantly and automatically to the right height required when playing Billiards, and can be converted back to Dining Table in a few seconds. The Table is adjusted, and a perfect level is assured. A Loose Dining Table Top is supplied which entirely covers up Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.

SPECIFICATION.

Combined Billiard and Dining Table, Solid Thick Mahogany Legs and Sides, Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netted Pockets, Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for Levelling, Mahogany Marking Board, with Ebonite Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c. All woodwork is handsomely French Polished and Table warranted, and including Dining Table top.

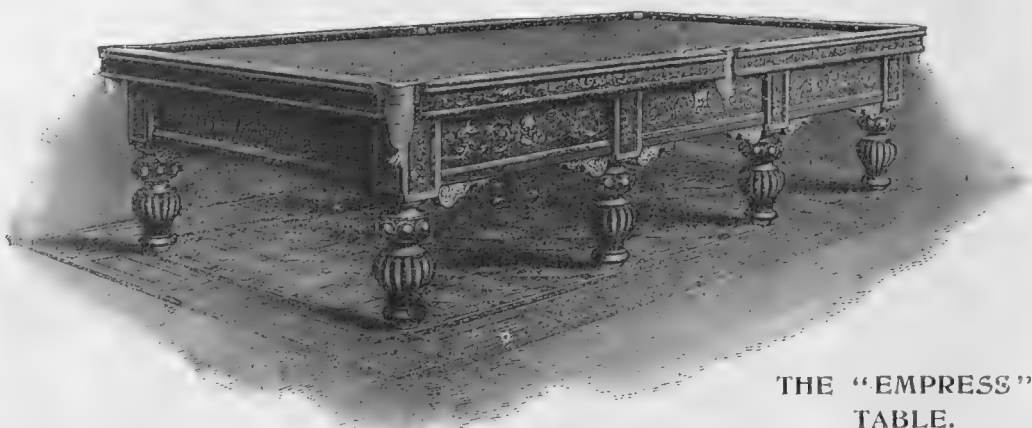
BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE AS ABOVE.

Size of Billiard Table ...	5 ft. 4 in.	6 ft. 4 in.	7 ft. 4 in.
Size of Dining Table ...	5 ft. 8 in.	6 ft. 8 in.	7 ft. 8 in.
CASH PRICES ...	£12 0 0	£13 10 0	£17 0 0

A REALLY HANDSOME PIECE
OF FURNITURE.FULL SIZE BILLIARD TABLES,
45 to 250 GUINEAS.Complete Heavy
BILLIARD TABLES
for Small Rooms.

Prices:	
6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ...	15 Guineas.
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in. ...	18 "
8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in. ...	25 "
9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 10 in. ...	32 "
8 ft. and 9 ft. sizes have six legs.	

Solid Mahogany Legs and Cushions, Best Thick Bangor Slates, Fast Low Frost-Proof Cushions, Bolted (not screwed), Superior Billiard Cloth, Handsome Marking Board, 6 Cues, Ivory Balls, Cue Rack, Dust Cover, Rest, Brush, Iron, &c. (Made to suit full-size balls if required)

THE "EMPRESS"
TABLE.

BILLIARD TABLE WHEN FIXED ON DINING TABLE.

This illustration shows a Billiard Table ready to place on any Dinner Table and instantly removable. It is very popular "at home," and is very much appreciated by those who cannot accommodate a full-sized Billiard Table.

SPECIFICATION.

Miniature Billiard Table to stand on Dining Table. Made in Mahogany, Best Bangor Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, 2 Cues, Set of Large Ivory or the new Crystalate Balls, Mahogany Marking Board, Spirit Level, Box of Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and good Rest. When not in use, they can be stored on end or side against a wall. These tables will stand on Dining Tables 2 ft. under their own size.

Size.	CASH PRICE.
1 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in. ...	£4 10 0
5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in. ...	5 5 0
6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ...	6 0 0

SPECIAL QUALITY.

6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ...	7 0 0
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in. ...	9 5 0

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REVERSIBLE BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE.

A most admirable arrangement where it is not convenient to have a room specially devoted to Billiards. There are no leaves to lift off, and no screwing machinery to get out of order; but by the simple act of turning over the inside of the table, which acts on a swivel, the Dining Table is converted to a Billiard Table, and vice versa, in five seconds. When once adjusted, it remains perfectly true, and most accurate Billiards can be played.

SIZES AND PRICES.

Dining Table	Making a Billiard Table.	
6 ft. by 3½ ft. ...	5 ft. by 2½ ft. ...	20 Guineas.
7 ft. by 4 ft. ...	6 ft. by 3 ft. ...	23 "
8 ft. by 4½ ft. ...	7 ft. by 3½ ft. ...	28 "
9 ft. by 5 ft. ...	8 ft. by 4 ft. ...	34 "

FREE.

Full Detailed Catalogue, with Illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, Combined Couch, Billiard, and Dining Table, all kinds Small and Full-Size Tables and Sundries.

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between the cost of pure soap and common soap is fractional—a cake a shade bigger—a farthing cheaper; but that difference makes all the difference to your health, to the wear and tear of the clothes, their whiteness, sweetness, and durability.

**DON'T LET
THAT DIFFERENCE
TEMPT YOU.**

It's a fraud. More profit to somebody, less value to you.

Sunlight Soap
IS ALL
PURE SOAP.

No need to rub away the linen, or wear clothes smelling of STALE GREASES.

Sunlight Soap

is simple. Rub it well on the clothes, let them soak, rinse them out, they will be sweet, clean, and pure.

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OF ALL GROCERS.

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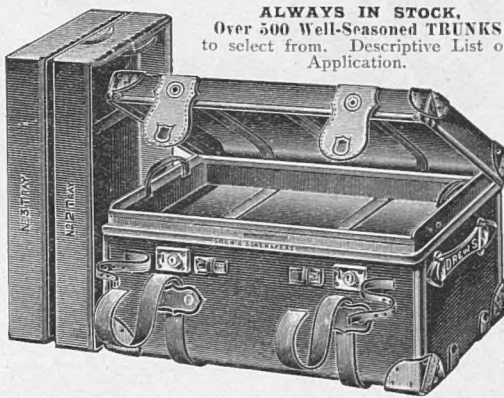
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LADY'S TRUNK.

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Should any difficulty be experienced in getting these Filters fixed, we will send our own Plumbers to fix them at Cost Price.

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This Illustration shows a Filter (H) fitted to ordinary household service pipe over sink. HOUSE FILTER (H), 30s.; SMALLER SIZE (F), 22s. 6d.

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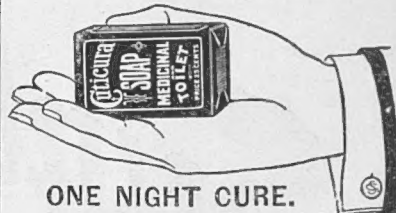
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CONQUERS PAIN.

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Red Rough Hands Itching Palms
and Painful Finger Ends.



ONE NIGHT CURE.

SOAK the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Millions Use

CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and irritations, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use Cuticura Soap in the form of baths for annoying inflammations, chafings, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women.

Complete Humour Cure,

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (1s.), to cleanse the skin; CUTICURA OINTMENT (2s. 6d.), to instantly allay itching, and soothe and heal; CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (1s. 1 1/2 d.), the new chocolate coated substitute for liquid Resolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the severest case.

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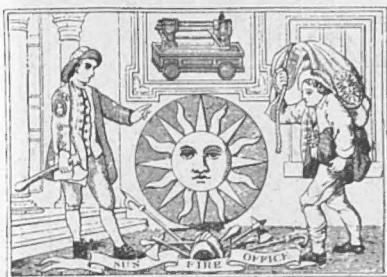
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RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

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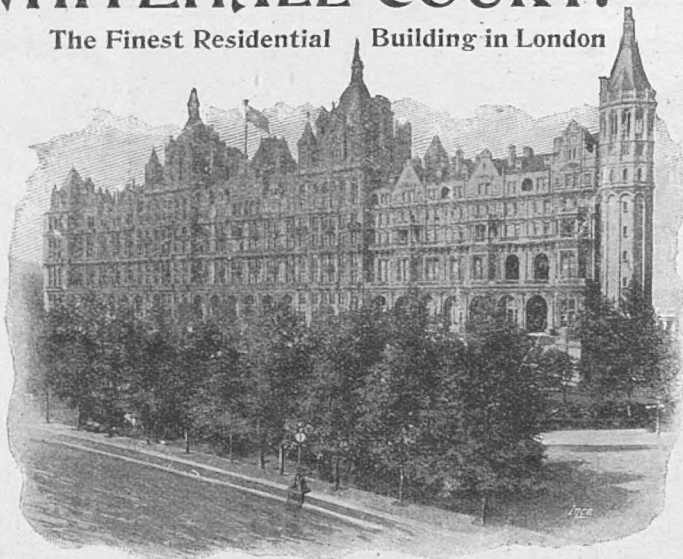
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"4.—"SURABAYA"	50	10/-	20/-	4 "
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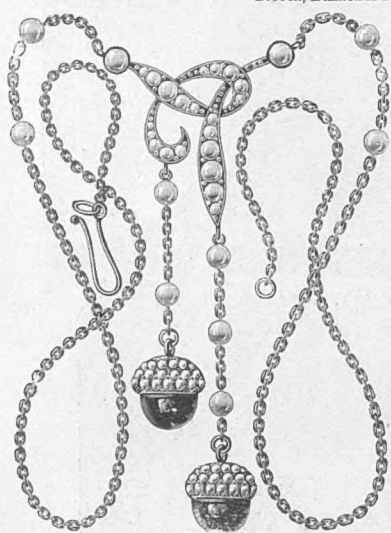
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